songs from many rooms

Songs from Many Rooms - Owen Brennan

These songs were never written to follow a plan. They arrived the way memories do - suddenly, unexpectedly, sometimes with a laugh, sometimes with a lump in the throat or silent tears. I've always written by following whatever compels or excites me in the moment, trusting that the future will reveal itself in its own time.

I came to understand that a song can outlive the writer or singer by generations. Looking back now, I can see that every song, no matter how different in style or setting, belongs to the same house. These are songs from many rooms, each one holding a piece of the life I've lived, the people I've loved, and the places that shaped me.

It began on a Meenaward doorstep in the summer of 2000, when I wrote a poem about my godmother Annie. I didn't know it then, but that was the first time I tried to honour a memory by giving it a voice. Two decades later came *Their Dancehall Days*, a song for my parents - a way to smile at their youth, their love for each other, and the joy they carried through life. Those early pieces taught me something important: songs can keep people close, even when time moves on.

From there, the rooms multiplied. The things I hadn't experienced, I could vividly imagine or try to inhabit for a moment. Some songs are bright with young love - backseat nights, 8-track players, summer breezes, the thrill of a glance that means more than it should. Others live in quieter corners: the ache of unspoken feelings, the tenderness of missed chances. And then there are the songs rooted in place - Donegal hills, dusty delta roads, bridges that hold their secrets. These pieces aren't about solving mysteries; they're about honouring the emotional truth that lingers around them.

If there's a thread running through all of this, it's memory. Not nostalgia for its own sake, but the kind of remembering that keeps people alive, that turns ordinary moments into something worth holding. I write to preserve the things time tries to cover up - the red rust gate, the

dancehall glow, the laughter in a diner, the bliss of an August afternoon. I write to bless the past, not to explain it.

This book gathers those songs together - the playful ones, the tender ones, the ones rooted in family, and the ones shaped by imagination. They come from different rooms, different seasons, different versions of myself. But they all share the same heartbeat: a desire to honour the moments that made me, and the people who walked beside me, whether for a lifetime or a single summer.

I felt I could create better songs if I had an artist in mind so I created the personas of Éireál and OB Branán to carry my vision.

If you find yourself in any of these rooms - and they may look very like a room in your own house - if a line reminds you of someone you loved, or a place you miss, or a feeling you once carried, then the songs have done their work.

Welcome in. The door's open.

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Éireál and OB Branán's music is available on all major streaming services, including:

YouTube: youtube.com/@Éireáls
Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61578754387173
Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

YouTube Artist Channel: youtube.com/@OBBranán
Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61580400473636
Instagram: instagram.com/obbranan

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I’ll Tell You Who I Am *Artist: Éireál*

Remember how you fixed my hair
Patient fingers, in morning light
Teaching me to tie my shoes
Your voice so soft and bright
Now I'm sitting by your side
Brushing tangles away
Your eyes search my face for clues
To words you wanna say.

Chorus
And I'll tell you who I am
As many times as you need
Like you once showed me how to stand
Now I'll help you find your feet.

Old photos scattered on the bed
Faces frozen in time
You point to yourself and smile
But the names you cannot find
I hold your hand like you held mine
When thunder shook my world
Now I sing your lullabies
Back to my little ones.

Chorus
I'll tell you who I am
As many times as you need
Like you once showed me how to walk
Now I'll help you find your feet

Bridge
And sometimes in the morning (sometimes)
A spark lights up your eyes
And then for just a precious moment
You're the mum I recognize

Time's like pages in the wind
Dancing past just out of reach
But love stays strong and steady
In every thing we teach
Though words may slip-away from you
Your heart still beats with mine
And in your gentle touch I know
Some things still survive.

Chorus
And I'll tell you who I am
As many times as you need
Like you once taught me how to pray
I'll help you find your feet.

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I'll Tell You Who I Am

This song grew out of that fragile place where memory begins to loosen its hold, where names drift, moments blur, and yet love keeps finding its way back through the cracks. It moves through the shifting weather of dementia: the flickers of recognition, the long silences, the sudden brightness when a familiar face breaks through the fog.

At its heart, it's a vow of presence. A promise to steady a hand that once steadied yours, to walk beside someone as their world reshapes itself, to keep offering warmth and belonging even when the map of memory changes.

The first spark came from a quiet conversation with my neighbour about her mum's journey - a moment that opened a door into someone else's tenderness, and invited me to imagine what it might feel like to love through forgetting.

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Bandcamp: eireal.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

The Brightest Star *Artist: Éireál*

I see yellow welly boots by the back door
Mud on the carpet, toys on the floor
I see you running with your friends, hair wild and free
Scraping your knee and coming crying to me
I dry up the tears and I kiss the hurt better
We sit and we draw, painting birds, writing letters
You've got your mother's eyes, deep and so brown
The loudest, most beautiful laugh in this town

And you shine, you shine so bright
A guiding light in the middle of the night
Every step that you take, I am watching you grow
The most beautiful girl that the world's ever known
Yeah, you shine

Now you're sixteen and you're slamming the door
You don't want to talk to us much anymore
There's a boy with a car and a heart that he broke
I hold you while you cry and tell you he's a joke
We buy the prom dress, it's satin and blue
I'm fixing the hem and I'm looking at you
Thinking where did the time go, how are you this old?
A woman, a storm, with a spirit of gold

I see the graduation cap thrown in the air
I see the white in the roots of my hair
I see you packing your bags, ready to fly
I'm waving my hand, whispering goodbye
It feels so real, the warmth of your skin
The life that you're living, the world that you're in

But the house is silent, the floorboards don't creak
There's was no muddy boots, no kiss on the cheek
I'm standing alone in the garden again
Just looking up, past the clouds in the sky
To your star in the west, high and deep
Watching the life, that I only can keep...
Inside of my-head
Just in my-head...
Just in my-head...

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The Brightest Star

This song comes from the loss of someone who never got to be born. In the nights of sadness, The planet Venus shone brightly in the western sky, and there was comfort in imagining that light as an everlasting memory – a star that would never fade, a symbol of love that could not be lived but would always be carried.

The Brightest Star weaves together that private grief with the imagined journey of a life: from muddy boots and laughter in childhood, through heartbreaks and milestones, to the silence of absence. It is both a tribute to what might have been and a way of keeping that memory alive, shining in song as it shines in the sky.

This is a song for anyone who has faced similar loss, a timeless reminder that even when the house grows quiet, the brightest star continues to shine.

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Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

Three Cornered Bed Artist: Éireál

Steam curls from two cups I never poured
Set on the table like a half told prayer
Bootprints drying on the flagstone floor
A coat on the chair that no one wears
The lamp hums low as the rain starts falling
The tide taps the window like it wants in
I lie awake in the three cornered silence
Feeling the shape of the trouble I'm in

Chorus
I'm the salt in his wool and the ink on her page
A bird with two skies and a heart for a cage
Stuck in the rip where the two oceans meet
While the silence of Donegal swallows the street
I'm the bridge made of glass I'm the ship made of lead

Just a ghost in the middle of a three cornered bed

Found his glove in her coat pocket last Tuesday

She left her scarf on his boat s stern rail

I washed them both in the same cold water

God help me like love s a stain you can t quite fail

I walk the strand where the gulls keep secrets

Boots sinking deep where the tide pulls slow

Two shadows follow me over the shingle

And neither one's willing to let me go

Chorus

I'm the salt in his wool and the ink on her page

A bird with two skies and a heart for a cage

Stuck in the rip where the two oceans meet

While the silence of Donegal swallows the street

I'm the bridge made of glass I'm the ship made of lead

Just a ghost in the middle of a three cornered bed

Bridge

Mam says the sea won't share its moon

And a hearth can t mind two separate flames

You'll freeze your bones trying to heat two rooms

She says calling me back by my childhood name

But what if your chest holds two different songs

And both of them rise when the night turns black

What if the truth is a tide with no mercy

And whichever way you step you don't come back

Chorus

I'm the salt in his wool and the ink on her page

A bird with two skies and a heart for a cage

Stuck in the rip where the two oceans meet

While the silence of Killybegs swallows the street

I'm the bridge made of glass

I'm the ship made of lead

Just a soul stepping out of that three cornered bed

[Outro:] Gaelic whisper Mo chroí céard a dhéanfainn **© Owen Brennan 2025**

Music prompt
melancholic, intimate 1970s Irish Country-Folk Lament, breathy female vocals with Donegal lilt, sparse fingerstyle acoustic guitar in DADGAD, low tin whistle drones, slow tempo, warm tape saturation, soft analogue hiss, stone cottage recording ambiance

Three Cornered Bed - Notes

A hushed, rain-soft Irish country-folk lament, Three Cornered Bed traces the emotional undertow of a love triangle set against the lonely Atlantic edges of Donegal. Sung in a breathy, intimate female vocal with a coastal lilt, the song unfolds like a confession whispered to a cottage wall. Everyday objects — a coat on a chair, two untouched cups, a glove in a pocket — become evidence of a heart split between two tides.

The narrator moves through a world where silence has weight: the hum of a lamp, the tap of the tide on the window, the long pull of the strand at low water. She is caught between two people she loves, carrying both their stories like salt in wool and ink on a page. The chorus captures her suspended state — a bird with two skies, a bridge made of glass — fragile, divided, and unable to step cleanly toward either shore.

A spoken-like bridge, echoing the wisdom of an older generation, warns that the sea won't share its moon and a hearth can't warm two rooms. Yet the song refuses easy answers, acknowledging that some hearts hold more than one truth, and some tides show no mercy.

Recorded with sparse DADGAD guitar, low whistle drones, warm tape hiss, and the natural ambience of a stone cottage, Three Cornered Bed feels both ancient and modern — a quiet storm of longing, guilt, and impossible tenderness. It closes with a single Gaelic breath, Mo chroí, céard a dhéanfainn — My heart, what would I do — leaving the question suspended like mist over the shingle.

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Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

Granny's Stone Artist: Éireál

Sunday bells ring out across the glen
I fix my hair, and walk the lane again
Past Flanagan's field where morning dew still lies
My heart skips when I see his gentle eyes.
In chapel pews I try to concentrate
Bus steal a glance at Patrick by the gate
His hands are rough from working with the land
I wonder what it's like to hold his hand.

The hymnal trembles in my nervous grip
While father Murphy speaks of fellowship
I mouth the words but cannot find my voice
When Patricks there I have no other choice
But loose myself in daydreams sweet and new
Of walking home beneath the sky so blue
His laugh rings out like church bells in the air
I close my eyes and wish that he were there

Chorus
Oh Granny by your stone I kneel today
To tell you things I cannot bear to say
The wind that stirs the grass around your grave
Knows secrets that my foolish heart wont say
This tender ache that's growing in my chest
Makes me feel both cursed and truly blessed

My sisters catch me humming as I work
They see the way I smile and sometimes smirk
“Our Bridget’s thinking of young Patrick now”
They tease me ‘till I blush from brow to brow
But Mary takes my hand with knowing eyes
“We’ve all been there she gently testifies”
Their laughter’s warm not cruel or sharp or mean
They guard the love they’ve witnessed and they’ve seen

We carry on through evening chores and play
Their teasing follows me throughout the day
But when the work is done and suppers through
I slip away to come and talk to you
The sea beyond the field calls out my name
Like this new feeling that I cannot tame
It crashes on the rocks with endless might
The way my heart beats through the quiet night

Chorus
Oh Granny by your stone I kneel today
To tell you things I cannot bear to say
The wind that stirs the grass around your grave
Knows secrets that my foolish heart wont say
This tender ache that's growing in my chest
Makes me feel both cursed and truly blessed
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Granny's Stone - Song notes

A gentle Irish folk ballad, sung with tender innocence. Through a young girl's voice, the song traces chapel bells, family teasing, and secret daydreams whispered to her grandmother's grave.

It is a story of first love - shy glances, brushed hands, and the ache of longing woven into the rhythms of rural life. The narrator kneels by Granny's stone to confess what cannot yet be spoken aloud, feeling both cursed and blessed.

Oh Granny **is the personalised version, the actual names have been left in.**

Sunday morning chapel bells are calling through the glen
I smooth my dress and fix my hair, then walk the lane again
Past Breslind's gate and down the lane, where morning dew still lies
My heart beats fast I wonder if he'll if he'll notice anything

The prayerbook shakes between my hands as Father Dordy speaks
I steal a glance across the pew, feel the colour in my cheeks
His eyes are brown like autumn leaves, his hands so strong and kind
I try to pray but lose the words, he's he's always on my mind

Chorus
Oh Granny, can you hear me now beside beside your weathered stone
I trace his name into the earth when I'm here alone
The wind knows all my secrets and the grass beneath my feet
This feeling growing in my chest makes every thing complete

My sisters laugh when I come home with with flowers in my hair
They say I'm walking different now, with with dreaming in my stare
"She's thinking of young Owen.," Eileen whispers with a grin
I blush and turn away from them, but a but a smile grows from within

We carry on through evening chores, their teasing light and sweet
They know the way my heart-skips when when his name and mine they meet
I don't mind their gentle words, they see what I can't hide
This tender ache that's blooming now, this joy I feel inside

[Chorus:
Oh Granny, can you hear me now beside your weathered stone
I trace his name into the earth, when I'm here alone
The wind knows all my secrets and the grass beneath my feet
This feeling growing in my chest makes every-thing complete

The hay smells sweet in summer fields where we used to play.
Now when he takes my hand, to help me to help me cross the stream
I hold it just a moment more than friendship's way
And I wonder if he feels it too, this waking dream.

Chorus:
Oh Granny, can you hear me now beside your weathered stone
Oh Granny ..... **© Owen Brennan 2025**

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Paper Face Artist: Éireál

After you walked through that door so sure
I learned to fold myself small and pure
Origami grace, creased just so
A paper face to hide the afterglow
Of your 'sure, sure, sure' still ringing in my ears
I traded truth for silent tears

The hardest part wasn't wearing the lie
It was realising no one asked why

Chorus
Oh, paper face, origami grace
I wore you to survive that place
Where 'sure' meant 'safe' and 'safe' meant 'gone'
Now I speak with a voice that quivers
But never lies

It lasted through dinners, through mirrors that lied
Through "I'm fine" when I was torn inside
But then - a kindness I didn't earn
A look that saw the cracks and didn't turn
And that's when I knew: strength isn't steel
It's letting the wounds finally heal

Níl an páipéar agam níos mó...
Níl an páipéar agam níos mó...

You were still so sure—so sure I'd break
But I learned to bend, not for your sake
For mine. Now I ask: seen or admired?
I choose the fire that burns unrequired

Outro (Gaelic whispered)
Níl an páipéar agam níos mó...
Níl an páipéar agam níos mó...
Níl an páipéar agam níos mó...

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Paper Face Song notes

This song was born from a section of Owen Brennan's mythobiography They Call Us Éireál,

The lyrics fold memory into metaphor. And in the final whisper in Irish
"Níl an páipéar agam níos mó" "I don't have the paper anymore."
Éireál lets the mask fall.

Here's the relevant section from the book its titled
'What remains when the masks fall?'

I wore one for years. Not to deceive - but to stay loved, or at least tolerated. It smiled when I wanted to cry, said "I'm fine" when I wasn't. The hardest part wasn't removing it. It was realising no one had noticed I was wearing one. But the first person who looked at me - really looked and didn't flinch? That was the beginning of home.

Later, I learned that strength isn't always sure-footed. It isn't having all the answers. It's showing your cracks and letting the light through. When I first let the mask slip, it felt like failure. But others softened too.

My honesty gave them permission to breathe.

Now I ask myself gently: "Would I rather be seen, or admired?"
Seen is harder. But it's the only one that feels like truth.

"When the mask falls, what remains is not the wound but the witness. Not the performance but the person. And if you're lucky, someone will be there to say: 'I see you. And you're enough.'"

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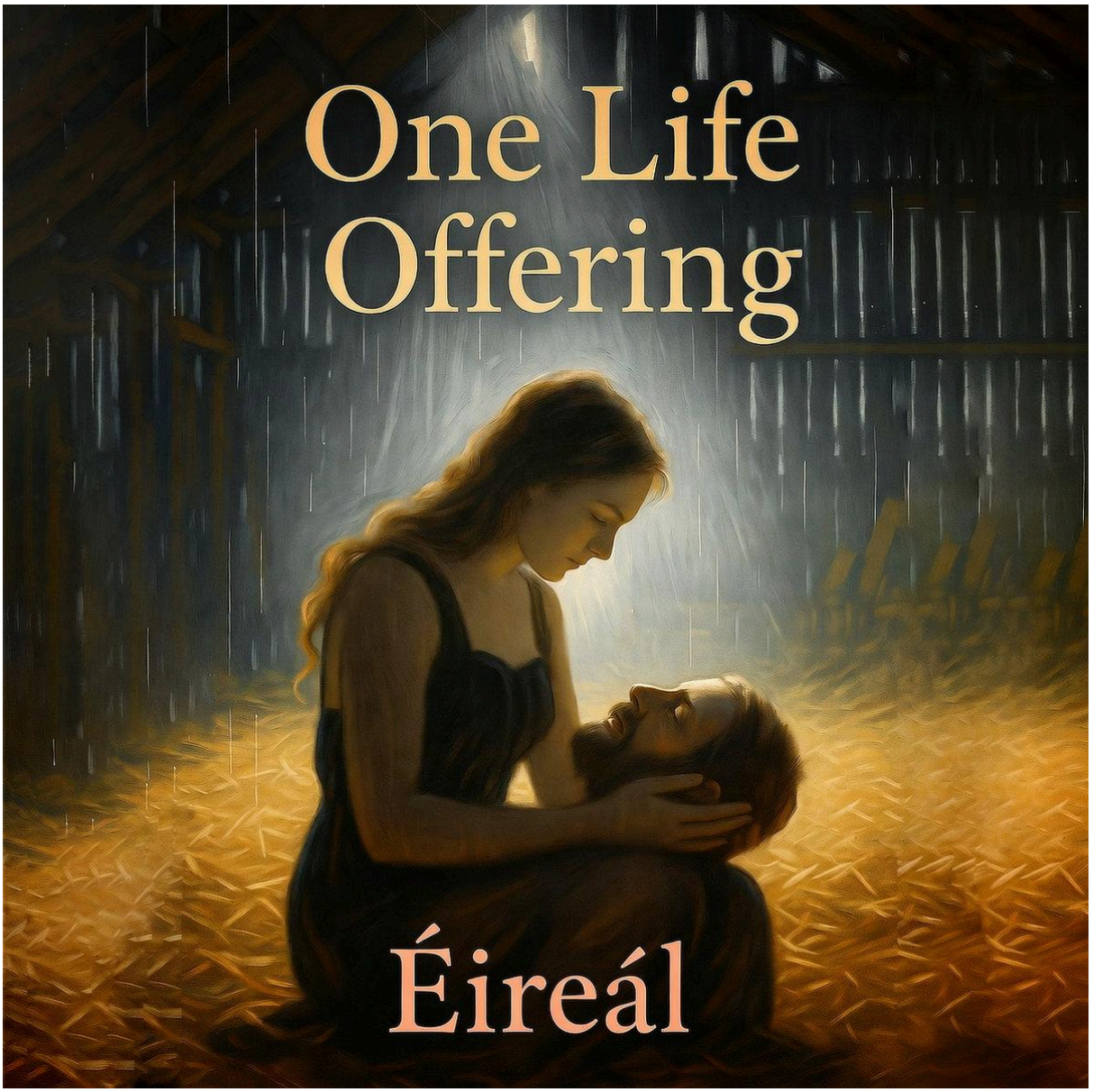

One Life Offering **Artist: Éireál**

Wet straw clings to her knees
The bundle beside her won't wake
No name was ever spoken
Just the weight of a breath that never came

Across the stall, a man curls inward
Skin stretched thin over hollow bone
His eyes don't ask, just drift
Like leaves too tired to float

Chorus
So she moves without sound!
Lets her body become the ground!
No vow, no witness, no reason but this:
One life offering what another missed

Her blouse parts like a prayer unsung,
Milk meant for a mouth that stayed closed
Now meets lips cracked by hunger
And the barn holds its breath

Chorus
So she moves without sound!
Lets her body become the ground!
No vow, no witness, no reason but this:
One life offering what another missed

Rain taps the roof like a lullaby
For those who give and those who receive
Not saints - just skin, just bone
Just hands that choose to stay open

Chorus
So she moves without sound!
Lets her body become the ground!
No vow, no witness, no reason but this:
One life offering what another missed

What another missed...
What another missed...
(What another missed...)
(What another missed...) **© Owen Brennan 2025**

One Life Offering - Song Notes

One Life Offering is a stark meditation on mercy and hunger, inspired by the closing scene of John Steinbeck's The Grapes of Wrath. In a barn where silence holds its breath, the song traces a moment of unspoken sacrifice – skin, bone, and hands choosing to stay open.

A woman who has lost her own child offering the last of her strength to a dying man. There is no miracle here, no audience, no reward. Just a barn, a storm, two bodies worn thin by sorrow, and a single act of tenderness that asks for nothing in return.

Ambient rain threads in parts of the recording, tapping like a lullaby across the roof beams. It becomes more than sound: a presence that gathers around the voices, carrying both grief and shelter. The rainfall turns the barn into a resonant chamber, where every gesture feels suspended between silence and survival.

Built on sparse imagery and a refrain that rises like ritual, the track moves between whispered vulnerability and raw invocation. It is not a hymn, nor a vow, but a human gesture of survival and compassion.

The song was inspired by the last chapter of *The Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck.

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Creator Owen Brennan's Notes — Éireál - Molly Bloom - 4 track ep,

I have carried Molly Bloom with me for years — not the shadow cast by other voices, but the woman herself. The pulse beneath the lace. The warmth beneath the wit. The colour, the ache, the sudden laughter, the quiet sadness that sits beside the fire. She has always felt to me like someone half-remembered from a dream: passionate, thoughtful, a little wild, a little weary, but endlessly alive. A fusion of Mediterranean passion and Irish tenderness.

These songs are the way I learned to speak to her.

In this cycle, Molly steps out of the margins and into her own weather — Gibraltar heat, Dublin rain, the hush of morning light, the long breath before a whispered yes. I wanted to show her as I've always seen her: rounded, human, contradictory, radiant. A woman stitched from memory and sea-salt, from longing and domestic ritual, from the small truths that make a life.

This EP is not an adaptation.
It is an offering. A remembering.
A way of saying: *She was always more than the final word ....* She was a world.

The sun shines for you, he said
The day we were lying there
The sea... the sea, crimson
Sometimes like fire in the air
And the perfume of your kisses
A ghost upon my skin
How my heart it leaped
Then, a world away... from where I begin

I was a Flower of the mountain, yes
Where the wind would sing my name
Now the petals are a memory
Fading in the Dublin rain
Just a girl from Gibraltar
With the sky and sea so wide
With the wild flowers growing
And nothing to hide
And the oranges... the citrons

The smell of them in the heat
And the way you looked at me
Oh, it was so bittersweet
A promise in your eyes
A language I knew by heart
Before the world grew crowded
Before we drifted apart

(Chorus)
I was a Flower of the mountain, yes
Where the wind would sing my name
Now the petals are a memory
Fading in the Dublin rain
Just a girl from Gibraltar
With the sky and sea so wide
With the wild flowers growing
And nothing to hide

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Song Notes - by Owen Brennan - artist Éireál

A song of memory and longing, Flower of the Mountain traces Molly Bloom's sensual past - from crimson seas and citrus heat to the quiet ache of Dublin rain. Inspired by her soliloquy in Ulysses, this song reimagines Molly not as muse, but as voice: a girl from Gibraltar with wild flowers in her hair and nothing to hide.

The music blends acoustic folk with Mediterranean warmth - fingerstyle guitar, gentle fiddle, and Éireál's radiant vocals. It's a tribute to Molly's "Yes," her wind-swept freedom, and the bittersweet promise of love remembered.

"I was a Flower of the mountain, yes / Where the wind would sing my name..."

The sun shines for you, Molly
Even now, through the lace
It finds your shoulder in the morning
And the hush upon your face
You never asked for glory
Just a garden and a kiss
And the way he said your name
Like it was made of mist

The Spanish girls wore ribbons
You wore salt and wind
They danced in velvet evenings
You kept the ache within
But still you watched them laughing
From the steps above the quay
And whispered to the sea
That you were once that free
Flower of the forest

Blooming in a bed of thread
You stitched your name in silence
And the things you never said
He asked you once for virtue
You gave him breath and skin
And the yes that stayed forever
Though the world was wearing thin

Yes, you said it softly
Yes, before he asked
Yes, like folding laundry
Yes, like breaking fast
Yes, like tea and laughter
Yes, like sheets and wine
Yes, like every morning
That you chose to rise and shine

Yes
Yes
Yes…

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Song notes - Owen Brennan - artist Éireál

This is the second track in my 4 track EP Molly Bloom.
The music chosen is a fusion of Mediterranean warmth and Irish folk tenderness, The Sun Shines for You drifts between sea-salt memory and quiet domestic devotion. Éireál traces Molly Bloom's inner weather with strings that shimmer like Spanish dusk and pipes that carry the ache of the Dublin coast. The song follows Molly not as a mythic figure but as a woman who wanted morning more than glory - lace that breathes, a garden, a name spoken softly.
As Mediterranean rhythms mingle with Irish melodic lilt, the track moves from youthful longing on the quay to the intimate, everyday "yes" that shaped her life. It's a hymn to ordinary radiance: the sun on a shoulder, the hush of a room, the small rituals that become a kind of devotion. In this EP's cycle, it stands as Molly's quiet awakening - a remembering, a soft reclaiming, a rising into her own light.

Moonlight through the blind
Stitches on the pillowcase
He left his shirt behind .. Again
I counted seventeen breaths
Before the clock struck three
And still I couldn't sleep .. For thinking

That boy on Dún Laoghaire pier
Held my hand like it might break
Said I was made of summer air
But I was made of cake -
and tea and dirty sheets
And laughter in the hall
And yes - yes - I remember
When the garden looked so small
He asked me once what I believed

I told him not to preach
The only truth I need's the one
that keeps me in his reach
Not churches, not the stars
Just skin and breath and wine
and him coming up the stairs
With that look in his eyes

I said yes ...
I said yes ...
I said yes ... before he even asked
Because the world's a spinning door
And love's the only task
That makes the laundry worth the fold
The fire worth the flame
The silence worth the keeping
When you're lying .. side by side

So let the neighbours talk
Let priests draw their thin lines
I'll take the messy truth
Over their polished signs
Of virtue, of restraint
Of all they'll never know
The way a body answers
When it's ready to say yes
Yes .... Yes

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Song notes - Owen Brennan - artist Éireál

A whispered soliloquy, Yes, I Said Yes traces the quiet rituals of love, memory, and defiance. Inspired by Molly Bloom's final breath in Ulysses, the song unfolds like a scroll - moonlight on linen, tea in the kitchen, laughter in the hall. It's a hymn to the body's truth, the kind that resists polished signs and priestly restraint.
From Dún Laoghaire pier to the hush of a shared bed, each verse braids domestic detail with mythic weight. The garden shrinks, the laundry folds, and seventeen breaths stretch toward morning. Love here is not declared - it's answered, before the question even lands.
This track is part of Éireál's Molly cycle, a seasonal offering in the mythstream. It's for those who believe in messy truths, spinning doors, and the kind of yes that stays.

His hand on my skin
A question in the dark
The wild ocean in his eyes
A single, steady spark
Ask me with your eyes again
Like you did that long-ago day
And I'll meet you in the silence
Where the words have no say

And the world outside this room
Just fades away to grey
All the noise, all the doubt
All the yesterdays
And I feel your heart against me
A frantic, steady drum
Pulling me back under
To where we come from

And I said yes
Let the world turn on
I said yes
From dusk until the dawn
And his heart was going like mad
And yes, I said yes, I will Yes

So let them talk and wonder
Let them have their say
They don't know the language
We speak when we're this way
It's a language of the body
Of the breath and of the bone
A truth that needs no other
A king upon a throne

And I said yes
Let the world turn on
I said yes
From dusk until the dawn
And his heart was going like mad
And yes, I said yes, I will Yes

Yes...
I will Yes... ***(Whispered, intimate)***
...my mountain flower...
...and I said yes.
...Yes. **© Owen Brennan 2025**

Song Notes - Owen Brennan - artist Éireál

A piano ballad of breath and bone, Ask Me With Your Eyes Again is Éireál's whispered tribute to the language beneath language - the gaze that asks, the silence that answers. Inspired by the final soliloquy of Molly Bloom, the song traces the moment when time folds inward and love speaks without words.

Written and produced by Owen Brennan, with AI collaboration. It's a song of return: to the room where the world fades to grey, to the frantic drum of the heart, to the long-ago day when "Yes" became a vow.

The lyrics move like a scroll - each verse a fragment of mythic memory, each chorus a breath-held affirmation. The whispered outro, "...my mountain flower...", seals the offering with intimate reverence.

This is not just a song. It's a ritual of remembering. A truth spoken in the language of the body. A king upon a throne. And always, always - Yes.

Velvet Hunger - Artist: Éireál

He stepped from the dusk where the willows lean low
With a voice like slow water and nowhere to go
No ring on his finger, no mark on his coat
Just the scent of old roses and something that choked

My name on his tongue felt like coming home

Oh, don't let your fingers trace that door
Hunger wears velvet but claws at the core
You'll fight it like water fights stone
Then wake with your sorrow already sown

His kiss left no colour, just cold on my skin
But I opened my collar and let him sink in
He spoke not of love, only thirst and the night
And I traded my daylight for one stolen light

(Just once… just once to belong somewhere true)

[Chorus]
Oh, don't let your fingers trace that door
Hunger wears velvet but claws at the core
You'll fight it like water fights stone
Then wake with your sorrow already sown

[Bridge]
I screamed in my mind when the candles burned black
But my limbs moved like vines on a long-buried track
Not choice - it's the law when your blood hums his call
There's no walking back from the shape of his thrall

[Chorus]
Oh, don't let your fingers open that door!
HUNGER WEARS VELVET BUT CLAWS AT YOUR CORE!
You'll fight it like water fights stone
Then wake with your sorrow ..... already sown

Morning bled through the crack in the blind
Showed the teeth in the curve of his smile
(dawning, knowing)
My lover .. was Dracula…. after all….
© Owen Brennan 2025

Velvet Hunger - Song Notes

"Velvet Hunger" is Éireál's first descent into gothic romance - a lullaby whispered at the edge of danger, carried by a heartbeat-like kick drum that feels both intimate and inevitable. The song leans into the old European vampire tradition, but instead of grand castles or melodrama, it focuses on the quiet, private moment where seduction becomes surrender.

The verses move like a slow approach through dusk: soft, beckoning, deceptively gentle. His voice is "slow water," his presence scented with old roses - the kind of beauty that hides rot beneath the bloom. The arrangement mirrors this, wrapping the listener in something warm and velvety while letting a cold thread run underneath.

At the centre of the song is compulsion — not love, not choice, but the ancient pull of a predator who knows exactly how to sound like home. The chorus warns against the door she's already touching, a door that opens inward, toward her own longing. The lullaby quality makes the danger feel almost tender, which is exactly how seduction works in the gothic tradition.

The bridge breaks the trance: candles burning black, limbs moving without consent, the old laws of blood and thrall taking over. Yet even here, the music stays strangely beautiful - horror delivered in a hush.

By the time morning bleeds through the blind, the truth is no revelation at all. The listener has known it from the first line. The twist isn't who he is, but that she let him in anyway.

"Velvet Hunger" sits at the crossroads of horror and yearning - a song about the sweetness of surrender, the ache of wanting to belong, and the danger of mistaking hunger for devotion. It's a seduction sung softly, with teeth just out of sight until the final smile.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:

https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Éireál's music is available on all major streaming services, including:

YouTube: youtube.com/@Éireáls
Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61578754387173
Bandcamp: eireal.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

That Sort Of Kid - Artists: Éireál & OB Branán

I'm that sort of kid,
the awkward one,
Hiding my face when the day is done.
Trying so hard just to fit the scene,
Ashamed of myself, don't know what I mean.

But I'm not a clone,
I'm not a lemming,
There's a fire inside that keeps on burning.
One day I'll shine, and they will see -
The best I can be is just being me.

They write their labels,
they draw their lines,
One mistake and they redefine.
But I'm more than the names they call,
I'm the quiet strength that outlasts it all.

'Cause I'm not a clone,
I'm not a lemming,
There's a fire inside that keeps on burning.
One day I'll shine, and they will see -
The best I can be is just being me.

Maybe a singer, maybe a writer,
Maybe a dreamer, maybe a fighter.
I don't know yet, but I'll find my way,
And when I do, I'll be okay.

I'm not a clone,
I'm not a lemming,
There's a fire inside that keeps on burning.
One day I'll shine, and they will see -
The best I can be is just being me.

I'm that sort of kid... And I'm proud of it.

© Owen Brennan 2025

That Sort of Kid - Song Notes

The inspiration for this song was the post a young woman made to a beautiful long gone online journal type site called Pencourage: Before timelines and filters, it was a small online refuge - a place where you could speak in your truest voice because no one knew your name. People wrote like they were whispering into the dark, hoping someone kind might be listening. That's where That Sort of Kid was born: a young woman admitting she felt strange, shy, and out of place, and a stranger called Torch answering with gentleness. This EP carries that moment forward - daylight and midnight versions of the same truth, sung for every kid who ever felt like the odd one out. I'll just add her initial post and my reply I'll change her name to 'That Sort of Kid' The name I used back then was Torch. Then you could only use words, today you could write her a song.

THAT SORT of KID's Post:
I'm that sort of kid, the weird one. The socially awkward one. The one who is desperate for approval.
I know that I'm different and people treat me that way. I've been trying my best to fit in, to be normal, and to hide who I really am. I have been so ashamed of who I am that I'm not even sure of who I want to be anymore. Just what kind of "me" satisfies people? People are scary and it is easy for them to spot mistakes. If a person makes one, it writes a definition of who they are to the people around them. They can read this, and spit out that I'm pathetic for pitying myself. If it makes them like me, I'll hate myself too.

TORCH:
Hi, THAT SORT of KID, you're welcome, there's no outsiders here you can be yourself. I've been reading your journal. I hope you don't mind if I give you a version from an independent onlooker's point of view.

You're that sort of kid. The unique one, there's nobody in the world like you. You're the sensitive one and a bit shy but you will always become the best friend when others get to know you.

You're the one who can think for themselves, the one that's not a clone nor a lemming. Anything you do, you like to do to the best of your ability and you're tough on yourself when you don't live up to your high standards.

Although you're trying to fit in and would like to to be just like everyone else right now,
Statistics show that in the future you're more likely to be a musician, artist, pop star, actor, scientist, writer, inventor, tattooist than those around you, because of this THEY sometimes have a problem relating to you.

You're young, growing, learning and because there are so many exciting choices ahead of you It's difficult to know what you want out of life so far.
But when you know you will be special.

One set of lyrics. Two distinct souls.

"That Sort of Kid" Taking the lead from the Pencourage journal I've looked at it from two contrasting perspectives.

This EP presents two unique visions of the same story:
Éireál delivers the daylight anthem - a fast-paced, Country Pop declaration of independence that turns awkwardness into defiance.

OB Branán offers the midnight reflection - a slower, textural Indie Pop ballad built on shimmering piano and introspection.

Whether you are shouting it from the rooftops or whispering it to yourself in the quiet moments, this release is for the dreamers, the fighters, and everyone refusing to be a clone.
credits
released December 16, 2025

EP Credits: That Kind of Kid (Éireál & OB Branán)
📝 Lyrics
Lyrics: Owen Brennan

Conceptual Vision: Owen Brennan

Three Notes and I'm Undone - Artist: Éireál

Boots scuff the sawdust floor
Same jukebox humming that old request
I swore I wouldn't walk through that
door
But the rain had other plans, I guess

Your favourite booth's still in the back
Cigarette ghost in the air
I swore I'd never look back
But the mirror caught me standing there

Three notes and I'm undone
Like the night you walked away
This dancehall holds the sun
On the day you let it fade

Yeah, the music plays so sweet
But it don't sound right without you
And I'm still caught in the beat
Of a love I can't undo

They've changed the beer signs,
repainted the rail
Even the band plays softer now
But I still see you sittin' there
And I don't know how to leave it, somehow

Three notes and I'm undone
Like the night you walked away
This dancehall held the sun
Then you let it fade

Yeah, the music plays so sweet
But it don't sound right without you
And I'm still caught in the beat
Of a love I can't undo ..... (music to faade)

© Owen Brennan December 8, 2025

Three Notes and I'm Undone - Song Notes

This song is a bittersweet country ballad wrapped in ritual and rhythm. It opens with the fiddle notes - like a memory knocking gently at the door. From the first verse, we're inside a weathered dancehall where sawdust, jukebox hums, and ghosted booths hold the emotional residue of a love that left but never quite vanished.

The base pulses like a heartbeat, steady and hypnotic, anchoring the listener in time even as Éireál's soft vocals drift through memory. Her voice is tender, reflective, and slightly undone - not broken, but caught in the beat of something she can't let go.

The chorus is a ritual invocation: "Three notes and I'm undone" becomes both a musical and emotional truth. The dancehall "holds the sun" - a metaphor for joy, warmth, and the golden glow of what once was - but by the final chorus, that sun has faded. The shift from present to past tense marks her emotional descent: from remembering to reckoning.

The bridge is a quiet reckoning. Even as the venue changes - new signs, softer band - It's a moment of emotional stillness, where the listener feels the weight of what can't be repainted or replaced.

The outro returns to the fiddle's three-note phrase, now whispered - a sonic echo of the title, a final breath of memory. It's not closure, but a gentle surrender.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:
https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

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Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

Sleep So Still - Codladh Sámh - スリープ・ソー・スティル

Christmas lullabies - 3 songs - artist Éireál

This 3 track EP began on Christmas eve with a very simple vision: to create a sweet, gentle original Christmas lullaby for children to sing - or for a parent to sing as a child struggles to sleep on Christmas Eve.

I remember my kids trying in vain to get to sleep before Santa arrived. I wanted something rooted in our soil, a lullaby that felt as natural and soft as the snow falling on the land. I started the first song in English as a safe gateway to all and introduced Irish in the chorus. The next song was in Irish with English as the chorus.

However, as I sat with the music, it began to grow of its own accord. What started as a local melody soon found its way across the sea. I just felt there would be a beautiful resonance between the breathy 'lilt' of the Irish tongue and the quiet, minimalist peace of Japanese melodies. Before I knew it, the lullaby had found its way into three languages for the third song. I share the three song path I took.

This collection is an experiment in cultural harmony. It is knowing that the language of peace - and the need to feel safe and tucked-in - is the same whether you are looking out at the Atlantic or the Pacific. These songs arrived as gently as they sound.

This EP is a Christmas gift to the community. Please feel free to share these songs with families, schools, and nurseries.

The Star Over the Hill - An Réalt Thar an Chnoc - Artist: Éireál

The heather is white with the soft winter rime,
And the bells of the chapel are beginning to chime.
Close your wee eyes now, the world is at rest,
Like a bird in the furze-bush, asleep in its nest.
The wind from the hillside whispers so low,
Of a baby who came to us, long, long ago.

Codladh sámh, a linbh óg,
Faoi sholas geal na réalta.
Rí na n-aingeal, grá mo chroí,
Ina luí sa mhainséar.

A Céad Míle Fáilte we give to the Boy,
Who fills all the dark of the winter with joy.
With Mary to watch him and Joseph so near,
There's nothing to shadow the heart with a fear.
So sleep now, my darlin', the holy night's come,
While the angels above us all quietly sing.

Sleep so still, my little one,
Beneath the starlight gleaming.
King of angels, King of heart's,
In the manger dreaming.

Codladh sámh... Codladh sámh...

© Owen Brennan 2025

Suantraí Earagail - Errigal's Lullaby

Tá'n t-aiteann faoi bhláth 's an sneachta go geal,
Is cloigín na cille ag bualadh go binn.
Dún do dhá shúil, tá'n saol mór ina luí,
Mar éan i measc raithneacha, i nead atá caoin.
Guth binn na gaoithe ó Earagail aníos,
Ag cogar faoi leanbh a tháinig i gcéin.

Sleep so still, my little one,
Beneath the starlight gleaming.
King of angels, King of hearts,
In the manger dreaming.

Céad míle fáilte don Bhuachaill beag,
A scaipeann an dorchadas, a mhéadaíonn an gean.
Tá Muire ina haice 's Seosamh in aice léi,
Níl eagla ar bith i do chroí beag anocht.
Codail, a stóirín, tá'n oíche go naofa,
Is na haingil go léir ag canadh os do chionn.

Codladh sámh, a linbh óg,
Faoi sholas geal na réalta.
Rí na n-aingeal, grá mo chroí,
Ina luí sa mhainséar.

Outro: Softer, Gentle soothing humming,
Sleep so still…
Sleep so still…
Codladh sámh, a linbh óg
Sleep so still……..

© Owen Brennan 2025

Sleep So Still - Codladh Sámh - スリープ・ソー・スティル

A Trilingual Bridge (Irish, English, Japanese)

Tá an fhraoch bán is an sneachta go geal, Is cloigín na cille ag bualadh go binn. Dún do dhá shúil, tá an saol mór ina luí, Mar éan i measc raithneach, i nead atá caoin.

Sleep so still, my little one, Beneath the starlight gleaming. King of angels, heart's delight, In the manger dreaming.

Yuki wa shizuka ni, furi tsumoru, Hoshi no hikari ga, michi wo terasu. Oyasumi, nene, kawaii ko, Yume no sekai de, aimashou.

Codladh sámh... Oyasumi... Underneath the Christmas star... Sleep so still.

© Owen Brennan 2025

FIRST LOVE - ALBUM INTRODUCTION & LYRICS

First Love **is a small, glowing archive of beginnings - the kind that stays warm in the chest long after the moment has passed. These five songs trace the fragile beauty of early love: the breath-held wonder, the awkward bravery, the quiet voltage shared between two people who are only just learning the shape of their own hearts.**

Inspiration - from *They Call Us Éireál*

First Love **grew out of a handful of chapters in Owen Brennan's mythobiography *They Call Us Éireál*, where memory and myth sit side by side like two girls in long grass. Those pages hold the first sparks - the meadow nights, the constellations redrawn into private symbols on warm August evenings, the quiet spells cast without meaning to, the way a single look can change the air around you.**

They're stories of beginnings: the first time Éireál felt seen, the first time language softened into intimacy, the first time silence felt like a place to rest rather than something to fear. The tingle left on a lip after a kiss that shouldn't have mattered but did. The rowan tree that overheard a truth whispered too softly for the world. The awkward bravery of two young hearts learning their own shape.

These chapters didn't ask to become songs - they simply hummed until Éireál followed the sound. *First Love* is the echo of that hum, a small archive of tenderness carried forward from the mythobiography into melody, harmony, and breath.

The songs on this EP rise directly from those moments.

"Love Letters in the Stars" opens with wonder: two girls lying in the grass, rewriting the constellations into something that belongs only to them.

"Sea Salt & Waterfalls" follows the ache of a first spell — the kind of love that leaves a trace on the body, returning with every shift of wind.

"Messy and Honest and Strange" becomes the heart of the EP, a duet between Éireál and OB Branán. Their voices meet in the middle of the story, carrying the sweetness, awkwardness, and courage of two people falling into something real. OB's warmth grounds the song, giving the EP a second heartbeat — a counter-voice that feels lived-in, steady, and deeply human.

"Underneath the Listening" sits in the quiet places where love teaches us how to hear ourselves.

"The First Spell" closes the circle, revisiting the beginning with tenderness, acknowledging that first loves rarely stay — but they shape us, mark us, and teach us how to sing.

***First Love* isn't a story of perfection. It's a story of truth — the kind that blushes, stumbles, hums under its breath, and lingers like a soft flare in the dark. These songs honour the girls who reached up high, the magic they found, and the gentle way first love continues to echo through a life.**

This album is a keepsake of that echo.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:
https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Love letters In The Stars - Artist: Éireál

Grass beneath our shoulders, cool and deep
You point to Orion, I find the Plough
But tonight we're artists, secrets to keep
Drawing new pictures with whispered vows

Fingers trace the sky like silver thread
Connecting distant lights to make them ours
A heart appears where hunters once were led
We're writing love letters in the stars

The constellations lean a little closer
Listening to the stories that we weave
In this meadow where the world grows slower
And magic is something we believe
The universe holds its breath tonight
As we paint romance across the light

You dare me closer, grass stains on my dress
Your laugh like music in the evening air
We shape the stars into lips, I confess
My heart beats wild beneath your gentle stare

Signus becomes a symbol of belonging
Cassiopeia spells out both our names
The night sky hums a soft and tender song
As we discover love's sweetest games

The constellations lean a little closer
Listening to the stories that we weave
In this meadow where the world grows slower
And magic is something we believe
The universe holds its breath tonight
As we paint romance across the light

Your lips taste like summer and starlight
This moment suspended between earth and sky
We're writing our future in silver bright
Two girls who dared to reach up high

The constellations lean a little closer
Listening to the stories that we weave
In this meadow where the world grows slower
And magic is something we believe
The universe holds its breath tonight
As we paint romance across the light

Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm
In the grass where we learned to fly
Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm
Underneath the listening sky

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Sea Salt & Water Falls - Artist: Éireál

She had raven hair that caught light like secrets
When she leaned close, the air changed its way
Not with drama, just that quiet shifting
Like a candle lit at the end of day
Her kiss was peculiar magic, strange and true
Left an electrical ache the morning through

Thought I was allergic to her gentle spell
Every time we touched, that tingling stayed
As if my mouth remembered something well
A forgotten charm that never would fade
Only there, in that one small sacred space
A soft flare of her, time could not erase

We were sharing voltage meant for poetry
And minor thunderstorms that never came
I never told her what she meant to me
But even now I feel it just the same

When the wind smells like sea salt and waterfalls
I catch that tingling ghost inside my lip
You were the first spell I never meant to cast
The first love that taught my heart to skip
Sea salt and waterfalls, they call me back
To the magic we shared on that winding track

Her eyes reflected stars we hadn't seen
Sleeves too long, sentences wandering free
We met through poetry, as fate would deem
She corrected my Gaelic tenderly
Said a poem should feel like held breath blooming
That's exactly how she left me, heart consuming

By the whin bush near the old Rowan tree
Pressed her forehead close and whispered low
"Éireál, you don't need to sparkle to be seen by me"
And I believed her, let that truth take hold
When she looked at me with those knowing eyes
Even silence felt like lullabies

We were sharing voltage meant for poetry
And minor thunderstorms that never came
I never told her what she meant to me
But even now I feel it just the same

When the wind smells like sea salt and waterfalls ....

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Messy and Honest and Strange - ***Artists: OB Branán & Éireál***

I don't know how to start this
But I guess that's the point ***(OB spoken)***

I've been staring at my phone for twenty minutes
Typing messages I'll never send
Your coffee cup still sits beside mine

From yesterday, I can't pretend
That I don't notice how you bite your lip
When you're thinking hard about something
Or how my hands shake when you're close
Like I'm seventeen and stumbling (*OB Branán*)

I used to think love was supposed to be
Some movie scene with perfect lines
But here I am, forgetting words
When you look at me and smile
Your sweater's got a hole near the elbow
You always wear those beaten shoes
And somehow that's more beautiful
Than anything I thought I knew .. (*Éireál*)

This is what first love feels like
Messy and honest and strange
Not the way they write about it
But better in every way
I'm learning your quiet language
The way you hum when you're content
This is what first love feels like
And I don't want it to end .. (*OB Branán*)

We walked for hours talking about nothing
And everything all at once
You told me about your childhood dog
I shared my secret fears and wants

There's something brave about the way
You let me see you without walls
Like we're both learning how to fall
Without worrying about the fall (*OB Branán*)

This is what first love feels like
Messy and honest and strange
Not the way they write about it
But better in every way
I'm learning your quiet language
The way you hum when you're content
This is what first love feels like
And I don't want it to end (both)

I don't need grand gestures
Or promises we can't keep
Just this moment, just your hand
Just the way you make me believe
That awkward can be beautiful
That real is better than right (*OB Branán*)

I still don't know how to end this
But maybe that's okay too ... *(OB spoken)*

© Owen Brennan 2025

Underneath the Listening - Artist: Éireál

Heather beneath us, soft as prayers
You trace the Bear, I find the Swan
But we're cartographers tonight, drawing affairs
Of hearts that beat where stars are drawn

Your finger maps a path through space
Connecting lights like scattered pearls
A lover's knot appears in place
Of ancient myths, we're writing ours
We're shaping stories in the dark
Whispering wishes to the sky

Each constellation bears our mark
Two souls learning how to fly
The heavens bend to hear us speak
Of love that makes the starlight weak

Cool grass tickles through my dress
Your breath warm against the evening chill
We paint the Pleiades with tenderness
And dare the universe to feel

Cassiopeia becomes a crown
For queens who rule this meadow throne
The Northern Cross points not to town
But to a place we've made our own

We're shaping stories in the dark
Whispering wishes to the sky
Each constellation bears our mark
Two souls learning how to fly
The heavens bend to hear us speak
Of love that makes the starlight weak

Your hand finds mine between the stems
This moment holds like captured breath
We're writing love in silver gems
Across the sky's embroidered depth

We're shaping stories in the dark
Whispering wishes to the sky
Each constellation bears our mark
Two souls learning how to fly
The heavens bend to hear us speak
Of love that makes the starlight weak

Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm
In the grass where hearts take wing
Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm
Underneath the listening

© Owen Brennan 2025 - released October 20, 2025

The First Spell - Artist Éireál

She had raven hair that caught light like secrets
When she leaned close, the air changed its tune
Not with drama, just that quiet shifting
Like a candle lit in a forgotten room
Her kiss was peculiar magic, strange and true
Left a tingle in my lip the morning through

Thought I was allergic to her gentle spell
Every time we touched, that electrical ache
As if my mouth remembered something well
A forgotten charm for poetry's sake
Only there, in that one small sacred place
A soft flare of her, time cannot erase

You were the first spell I never meant to cast
Voltage meant for poetry and storms
Now when the wind smells of sea salt at last
I feel that tingling ghost transform
Éireál, you made my silences sing
First love's the truest, most honest thing

Her eyes reflected stars we hadn't seen
Sleeves too long, sentences that wandered free
We met through poetry, as it should have been
She corrected my Gaelic tenderly
Said a poem should feel like held breath blooming
That's exactly how she left me, heart consuming

By the whin bush near the old Rowan tree
Pressed her forehead close and whispered low
"Éireál, you don't have to sparkle to be seen by me"
And I believed her, let that truth take hold
When she looked at me with those knowing eyes
Even silence felt like lullabies

Chorus
You were the first spell I never meant to cast
Voltage meant for poetry and storms
Now when the wind smells of sea salt at last
I feel that tingling ghost transform
Éireál, you made my silences sing
First love's the truest, most honest thing

It didn't last, first loves never do
If they're honest, they drift like sea foam
No sharp ending, just the gentle truth
That leaves a mark where you were held, where you called home
(Outro whispered,)
A dream once asked what I remember most?.....

© Owen Brennan 2025

This is a rewrite of Sea Salt & Water Falls

From the album - First Love - songs by Éireál & OB Branan
Inspired by Owen's mythobiography - They Call Us Éireál

The Three Lights (Brontë Sisters) EP. – Éireál

The Three Lights - album notes

A lantern breaks, and three lights are set free. The Three Lights (Brontë Sisters) is Éireál's tribute to resilience, memory, and the voices that once burned quietly in Haworth's rooms.

Across three songs - Lantern of Stone, Hidden Hands, and Wild Hearts - this EP traces a journey from vigil to release:
Lantern of Stone: a solemn opening, carrying the weight of silence and the glow of endurance.
Hidden Hands: a song of secrecy and strength, honouring the invisible labour behind words that survived.
Wild Hearts: the soaring release, where voices rise and the lights blaze beyond the stone.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:
https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Lantern of Stone - Artist: Éireál

Damp wool socks by the hearthstone glow
Ink-stained fingers in winter's hush
They stitched their dreams with needle-thin prose
While the moors held their breath outside

Around the table, arm in arm they paced
While candle shadows climbed the parlour wall
Three sisters hiding in a man's disguise
Waiting for the world to hear their call

Coughs like dry leaves in November air
Letters returned with edges torn
But still they wrote through the thinning light

Three lights in a lantern of stone
Burning bright when the world says no!
Not stars - but flames from kitchen wicks
That lit a century's quiet dawn

Thirty winters .... Twenty-nine.... Thirty-eight...
Gravestones lean where heather grows thick
Yet schoolgirls whisper their borrowed lines
Like secrets passed through chapel walls

No grand halls, no gilded acclaim
Just paper boats on ink-black streams
Sailing out past the edge of their years

Three lights in a lantern of stone
Burning bright when the world says no!
Not stars - but flames from kitchen wicks
That lit a century's quiet dawn

(whispered)
If you walk the ridge at twilight's seam
You'll feel them - not ghosts, but steady gleam
In every page left open wide
A fire that outlived its pyre..

Three lights in a lantern of stone
Burning still where their hands are gone!
Not stars - but flames from kitchen wicks
That warm us now in this fireside song

© Owen Brennan 2025 released November

Éireál's music is available on all major streaming services, including:

YouTube: youtube.com/@Éireáls
Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61578754387173
Bandcamp: eireal.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

Hidden Hands - Artist: Éireál

Charlotte traced hope with steady hand
Through Jane's plain face and quiet fire
A governess who held her ground
While frost bit deep at Haworth's door

Emily let wind speak through her pen
Heathcliff's cry in stone and gale
No corset bound her roaming soul
She walked where only ghosts dared tread

Anne kept truth in gentle lines
Helen's flight from poisoned rooms
She named the rot behind closed doors
With grace that cut like tempered steel

The critics sneered, they judged they said
'No woman writes of such dark things'
But still the ink dried on the page
And every word began to sing....

THREE FLAMES IN A LANTERN OF STONE! STILL THEY BURN WHEN THE NIGHT GROWS LONG! Not stars - but sparks from hidden hands That carried hope through a century's dawn

No fanfare greeted what they wrote
Just ink-stained sleeves on winter coats.
But still they fed the waiting dark

THREE FLAMES IN A LANTERN OF STONE! STILL THEY BURN WHEN THE NIGHT GROWS LONG! Not stars - but sparks from hidden hands That carried hope through a century's dawn

(Whispered)
Now schoolgirls reed by windowlight
Their borrowed courage warm as bread
And every line still breathes alive
Where moorland meets the open sky

THREE FLAMES IN A LANTERN OF STONE! STILL THEY BURN WHEN THE NIGHT GROWS LONG! Not stars—but sparks from hidden hands That carried hope through a century's dawn

(Three flames... hidden hands...)
(Soft vocal hum lingers) **© Owen Brennan 2025**

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Wild Hearts - Artist: Éireál

(Three flames from a lantern of stone…
Still they glow when the grey day comes.)

Pages worn by trembling hands
Schoolgirls trace the lines once more
They find the storm inside the calm
And open up the parlour door
They read of winds and roaming souls
Of love that fights against the cage
And find their own wild hearts inside
Blazing on the turning page

The lantern breaks! The lights are free!
A woven thread for you and me!
Three lights that burn beyond the stone -
They walked the dark to guide us home!
From Haworth's hill to the ocean's rim
The Three Lights burn, but never dim!

Lessons learned in quiet rooms
A power found on every line, like a fire
we take the words they had to hide
And speak them to the world outside
Each generation finds the spark
In ink that dried so long ago
It turns the winter into spring
And melts the heavy Haworth snow

The lantern breaks! The lights are free!
A woven thread for you and me!
Three lights that burn beyond the stone -
They walked the dark to guide us home!
From Haworth's hill to the ocean's rim
The Three Lights burn, but never dim!

They wrote in silence so we could sing
They clipped their feathers so we could have wings
Now schoolgirls grown, Their voices rise
The moors still breathe beneath the skies!
Not gone - just glowing in the text!

The lantern breaks! The lights go free!
A woven thread for you and me!
Three lights that burn beyond the stone -
They walked the dark to guide us home
From Haworth's hill to the ocean's rim
The Three Lights burn, but never dim!

Wild hearts... Open sky... Three lights...
Three Lights ...Three Lights.....

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Donegal to Derry - Artist: Éireál

Morning mist drifts through my Lifford home.
Your name still warm on my lips, though I'm alone
The bus to Letterkenny rolls through town
But I stay rooted where your shadow's found
In the post office line, I count the tiles
While someone else buys stamps with quiet smiles

It's almost twenty miles from here to Derry
But you might as well be gone across the sea
The Foyle runs quiet, the bridges stand so steady
Yet not one word has crossed back over to me

You chased the city, I stayed with the land
Two hearts divided by the choices we planned
The river bends like questions left unsaid
And every bend just echoes in my head
The hills roll green but feel like empty rooms
Where even birds forget to sing their tunes

It's almost twenty miles from Donegal to Derry
But you might as well be gone across the sea
The Foyle runs quiet, the bridges stand so steady
Yet not one word has crossed back over to me

Last Tuesday rain tapped on the shopfront glass
I swore I heard your voice—just let it pass
A man with your walk turned down the lane
But strangers wear familiar faces now, it seems .....

It's nearly twenty miles from Donegal ... to Derry
But you might as well be gone across the sea
The Foyle runs quiet, the bridges stand so steady
Yet not one word has crossed back over to me

Twenty miles...
Not one word.....

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Donegal to Derry - Song Notes

Donegal to Derry is a gentle folk - country ballad with a steady, contemplative tempo. Its style lies at the crossroads of Irish storytelling and Americana balladry, creating a timeless feel - like a song carried on the Foyle's quiet waters.

The verses move through everyday places - bus routes, post office lines, rain-tapped shopfronts - turning them into symbols of absence and longing. The chorus, with its refrain of "twenty miles... but you might as well be gone across the sea," captures the paradox of closeness and separation, where geography cannot bridge emotional silence.

Musically, Éireál blends traditional textures with modern sensibilities: fiddle motifs and pedal steel sighs weave through acoustic guitar and upright bass, forming a soundscape both rooted and contemporary. An instrumental interlude deepens the sense of solitude, while the outro fades like memory on the river's tide.

At its heart, Donegal to Derry is a meditation on distance - not just miles, but the silence between two souls - and a testament to turning landscapes into living archives of emotion.

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Still So Sure - Artist: Éireál

Hey, do you remember last weekend?
You left your jacket on my chair
We talked about the weather for a second
Like you hadn't really been there

I keep looking for signs I missed, yeah
But everything's the same

You're still so sure, you're still so sure
Every room, you walk through the door
You're still so sure, you're still so sure
(Sure, sure, sure, sure)
Do you even care anymore?

I sent that note, you left it unread
You always need the last word
Tried to say what I meant instead
But you made sure I never got heard

I keep walking on eggshells for you
While you laugh it away

You're still so sure, you're still so sure
Every room, you walk through the door
You're still so sure, you're still so sure
(Sure, sure, sure, sure)
Do you even care anymore?
Da da da, da da da

You hum through heartbreak, like it's just another tune
Nothing gets through, nothing gets through
You're still so sure, aren't you?

You're still so sure, you're still so sure
Every room, you walk through the door
You're still so sure, you're still so sure
(Sure, sure, sure, sure)
Do you even care anymore?

(Still so sure, still so sure...)
Sing me the ending, I already know
Still so sure, guess you'll never let it go
(never let it go, go, go, go)
Fade](go,go,go,go)

© Owen Brennan 2025

Song notes - Éireál's debut single is a quiet reckoning with a sharp edge - an emotionally charged alt-pop track about being side-lined, silenced, and finally fed up. Blending acoustic guitar and ambient piano textures, I was originally inspired by the song You're So Vain Still and often wondered how the character in the song was getting on. So Sure traces the imbalance of a relationship where one voice dominates and the other is dismissed. There's ache, yes - but also frustration, sarcasm, and the sting of mockery.

So if you've ever been diminished, overwritten, or made to doubt your own voice - this scroll is for you. She doesn't ask for admiration. She asks: Do you even care anymore?

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Marquee Nights: A Love Letter to a Lost Era

An EP from Éireál & OB Branán

Marquee Nights is a personal attempt to bottle the magic, the anticipation, the excitement, the shyness, and the genuine romance of 1970s rural Ireland. Set against the backdrop of fleeting summer dances in giant tents in Inishowen Donegal, this collection of five songs captures the unique beauty and innocence of an era that just slipped past.

It is a nostalgic journey told through the voices of Éireál and OB Branán, who guide us through one perfect, unforgettable night.
The story unfolds like the night itself:

The Excitement: We start with the nervous anticipation of getting ready, the heart tapping time down the hill, leading to the thrilling crush of the dance floor in "One Breath, One Beat."

The Energy: This is followed by the high-spirited pulse of the Celtic Jive in "One Step From Yes," capturing the bright lights, the playful fiddle, and the feeling of dancing like the weekend might carry you away.

The Reluctance: As the night ends, the music slows for the quiet tension of the walk home. The central duet, "What If I Asked You," is a hesitant, intimate ballad that perfectly articulates the nervousness and desperate wish to hold onto the moment beneath the moonlit rowan tree.

The Remembrance: The EP closes by reflecting on what was lost. "Chasin' That Glow" and "Waltz Beneath the Paper Stars" offer a melancholic look back, acknowledging that some connections - and some eras - are beautiful precisely because they are fleeting.

This is music steeped in warm analog textures, fiddle sighs, and soft baritone whispers. It's not just about the showband; it's about that first glance, the borrowed car, and the sweet, almost overwhelming feeling of possibility that existed before the day dawned.

Éireál and OB Branán are the twin lanterns of Owen Brennan's vision — voices born to carry his songs through the half-light of memory and myth. One speaks in the hush between heartbeats; the other sings where the rain meets the canvas. Together they hold the glow of a world that still dances beneath the Donegal stars.

Step inside the Marquee and remember the feeling of forever.

© Owen Brennan released December 8, 2025

One Breath One Beat - Artist: OB Branán

Shoes shone till they catch the last sun
My best coat hangs by the bottom stair
I knot my tie with fingers numb
And pocket change for tea and crisps to share

Down the hill where the gorse glints gold
Past the post-box painted green and worn
My heart taps time against my ribs - too bold
For a lad who's never danced past midnight's horn

MARQUEE LIGHTS DANCE ON YOUR HAIR!
I FORGOT MY NAME STANDING THERE!
One breath, one beat, one step into your sway -
The whole wide world just slipped away

You held my gaze, you knew my mind
Glanced once, then looked back through the crowd
I didn't move - I couldn't find
My feet until the band played soft and proud

No grand speech, no clever line
Just the fiddle's sigh and your quiet smile
We turned in time to that old brass line
And suddenly, the night felt worth the while

MARQUEE LIGHTS DANCE ON YOUR HAIR!
I FORGOT MY NAME STANDING THERE!
One breath, one beat, one step into your sway -
The whole wide world just slipped away

I can still hear that tune... even today
Every time, that wind blows through my mind

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Chasin' That Glow – Artist: OB Branán

Marquee lights blinked through the Donegal rain
You stepped out in that blue-checked dress again
Hair like midnight, eyes like morning sky
Didn't say much - but you didn't need to try

We moved slow to the showband tune
Your hand in mine beneath the August moon

Felt like forever in that marquee hall
Didn't know then you'd be gone by fall

Oh, that dancehall magic, soft and true
Just me and you in '72
You spun like summer, left like snow
And I've been chasing that glow

Years roll on like that red car down the lane
Still hear your laugh in the wind and rain
Same stars above the empty field
Where we once swayed, and dreams were sealed

Oh, that dancehall magic, soft and true
Just me and you in '72
You spun like summer, left like snow
And I've been chasing that glow

No grand goodbye, no letter sent
Just silence where your voice once went
But in my mind, you're dancing still
Beneath those lights in Culdaff field

Oh, that dancehall magic, soft and true
Just me and you in '72
You spun like summer, left like snow
And I've been chasing that glow

Chasing that glow...
Chasing that glow...
Long after the music's gone...[piano solo]

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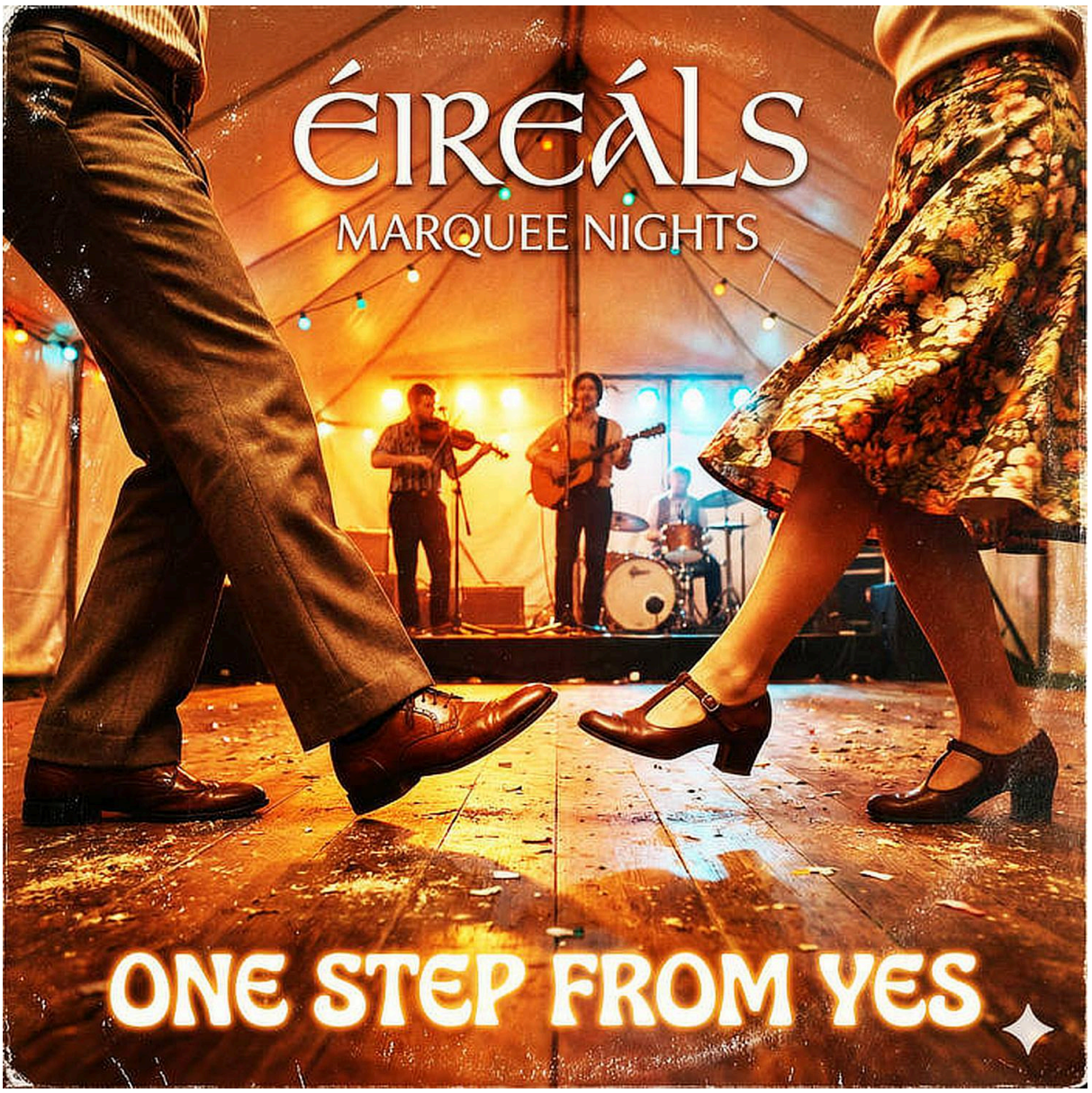

One Step From Yes - Artist: Éireál

Fairy lights shimmer through the Donegal rain
You're at the piano playing my song
The floorboards creak like secrets we keep
While the night hums low and the air feels sweet

I've counted every time you looked my way
Held my breath through every song you'd sway
Now the band's speeding up, the crowd leans in
And I'm wondering if this could be the beginning

One step from yes, one smile from maybe
The snare snaps bright and the fiddle plays freely
Your eyes find mine as the marquee sways
And I'm dancing like the weekend might carry me away

Your boots tap time to the fastest reel
I catch your laugh—it's all too real
No grand confession, just a glance held long
Enough to make a girl feel fierce and strong

The fiddle sighs, the lanterns dip low
You tilt your head like you already know
That I've been waiting, quiet and true
For a moment like this to pull me through

One step from yes, one smile from maybe
The snare snaps bright and the fiddle plays freely
Your feet find mine as the marquee sways
And I'm dancing like the weekend might carry me away

No promises whispered, no vows in the air
Just your shoulder brushing mine like you care
And the music rising, warm and wide
Like the tide's pulling hope back inside

One step from yes, one smile from maybe
The snare snaps light and the fiddle plays freely
Your hand finds mine as the marquee sways
And I'm dancing like the weekend might carry me away

One step… just one…
And the lights don't fade
Carry me
Carry me
Carry me .. Away.....

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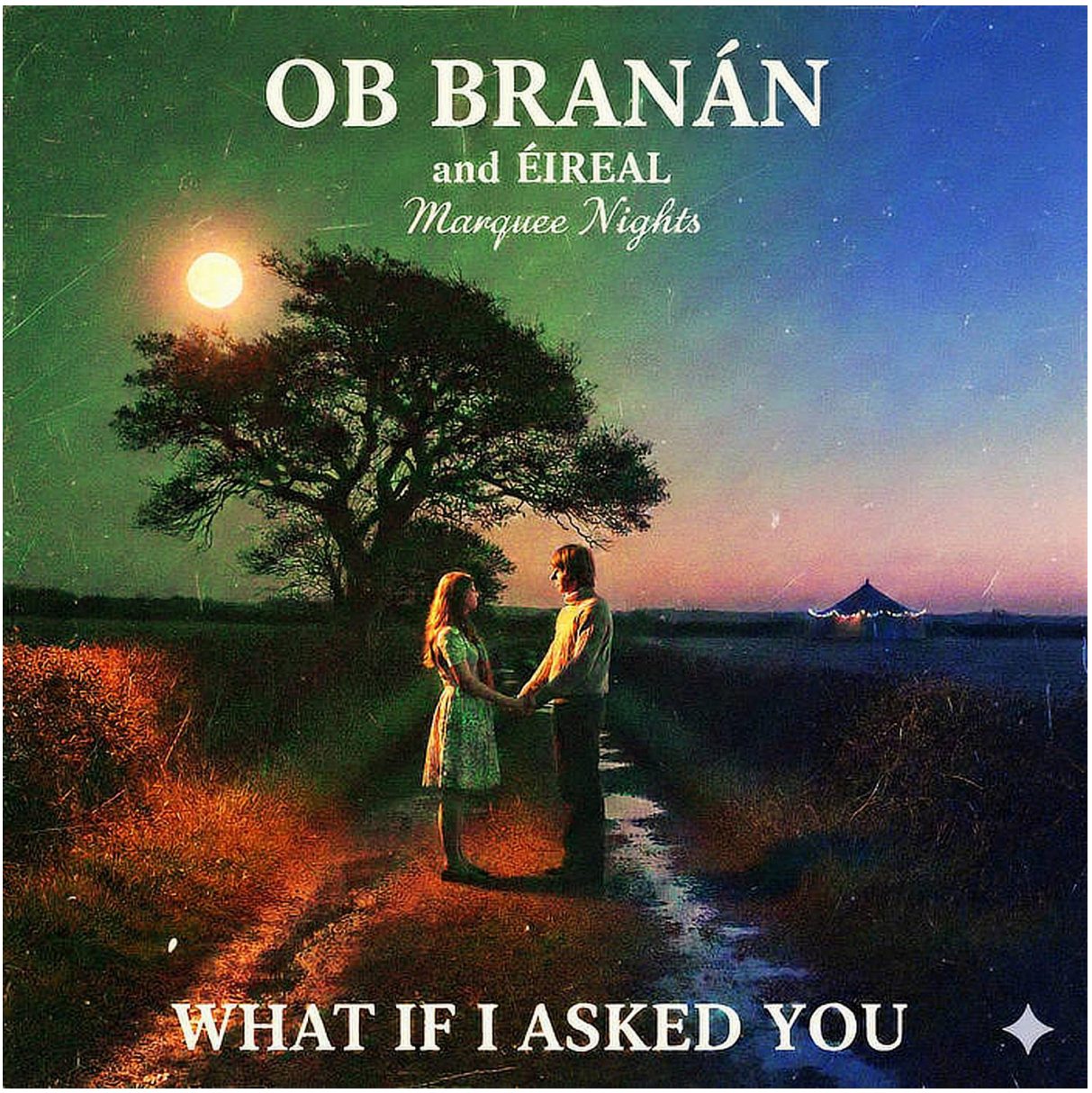

What If I Asked You *Artists: OB Branán & Éireál*

The marquee sigh fades behind us
Stones crunch soft beneath your shoes
You pull your scarf up-to your chin
And I wonder what to do... **(OB Branán)**

A shadow stretches down the lane
Moonlight in puddles left by rain
Your hand brushes mine - just once - and then
You look and hum that tune again ***(Éireál)***
The church bell's still asleep
No rooster's call the sun

Just you and me and this long road
Before the day's begun ***(OB Branán)***

Keep the night a little longer
Let the stars not fade away
Hold this time like borrowed treasure
'Til the night forgets to fade ***(both)***

Hedges drip with silver dew
Your breath makes ghosts in morning air
I count each step, slow as I can
Wishing this road would never end ***(Éireál)***

You stop beneath the rowan tree
Say nothing - but your eyes stay on me
And in that glance, a whole new world
Where words have never been ***(OB Branán)***

The first light starts to climb
Across the furrowed hill
But if you'll walk just one more mile
I'd follow - and always will ***(Éireál)***

Keep the night a little longer
Let the stars not fade away
Hold this time like borrowed treasure
'Til the night forgets to fade ***(both)***

(Éireál whispers)
What if I asked you...
...to wait?

So keep the night a little longer
And let the dawn forgive our pace
For every moment walking with you
Is a lifetime I could face! ***(both)***

(Éireál whispers)
don't let the morning take you...

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Waltz Beneath the Paper Stars - Artist OB *Branán*

Marquee lights flickered through the mist
You wore that dress with the faded hem
Hair pulled back, eyes wide and clear
Didn't speak much—but I still hear

Three steps slow on the warped floorboards
My shoulder warm against your words
Piano tune drifting soft and low

Didn’t know then you’d choose to go

Oh, that waltz beneath the paper stars
Just you and me in ‘72 bars.
You turned like dusk, then slipped from view
And I’ve been dancing with the ghost of you

Now the Marquee's gone, and nettles grow
Where couples spun in afterglow
But when the rain taps on my pane
I swear I feel your hand again

Oh, that waltz beneath the paper stars
Just you and me in ‘72 bars.
You turned like dusk, then slipped from view
And I’ve been dancing with the ghost of you

No last word, no whispered why
Just an empty space where you once stood
But in the night before dawn’s hue
We’re still swaying in ‘72

Oh, that waltz beneath the paper stars
Just you and me in ‘72 bars
You turned like dusk, then slipped from view
And I’ve been dancing with the ghost of you

Dancing with the ghost of you...
Long after the lights dimmed blue.....

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You're My Only Measure - Artist: Éireál

Woke up this morning, sun hit the wall
Felt kinda dim, like it wasn't all
Poured my coffee, watched the steam arise
Thought, "Not as warm as the look in your eyes"
Heard a new song on the radio
Had a real good beat, a real nice flow
But the melody stuck in my head
Was the sound of your name, softly said

I used to have a ruler, a scale, a clock
A simple system, ticking on the dot
But ever since you stumbled into my view
My whole world got a brand new point of view

You're my only measure, my new standard now
I'm sizing up the world, and I don't know how
How anything measured before you came 'round
When you're the perfect rhythm, the sweetest sound
Yeah, you're my only measure, my one and only test
Puts all of the other treasures to rest
From the stars in the sky to the rain on the ground
Nothing adds up 'til you're around

Saw a painting in a gallery downtown
They called it a masterpiece from a renowned crown
But the colour I saw was the gold in your hair
And the feeling it gave me was just not there
Read a book with a poetic, clever line
About a love so perfectly divine
But the words just felt empty, black on white
Not like the real thing holding me at night

I used to have a compass, a map, a guide
A lonely journey with nowhere to hide
But ever since you took my hand in your hand
My whole world started to understand

I guess I was living in shades of grey
Just counting the hours of every day
I had a compass, but it just spun around
'Til your love was the true north I finally found

You're my only measure, my new standard now!
I'm sizing up the world, and I don't know how!
How anything measured before you came 'round!
When you're the perfect rhythm, the sweetest sound!
Yeah, you're my only measure, my one and only test!
Puts all of the other treasures to rest!
From the stars in the sky to the rain on the ground!
Nothing adds up 'til you're around!

© Owen Brennan 2025

You're My Only Measure - song notes

A bright bouncy skipping along heart-full offering with hand claps from Éireál. A song that dances with the joy of knowing exactly where love lives. It's not about searching anymore. It's about finding. About waking up and realizing that one person has quietly become your rhythm, your compass, your gold standard.

The lyrics trace everyday moments - coffee steam, gallery walls, radio melodies - and show how they're transformed by love's presence. She's not lost in longing; she's alive in it. Happy to have only one measure, and to let the rest of the world fall into place around it.

This track is a celebration of emotional clarity. For those who've found their true north - and are smiling because of it.

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Half of What I Know - Artist: OB Branán

I write of steel and sunrise,
Of wages and the rain.
But telling half of what I know
Keeps you safe from all my pain.
The lads all laugh at lunchtime,
We talk of home and tea.
But no one speaks the silence
That settles in at three.

I send my love in folded pages,
Stamped with hope and pride.
I leave the tears between the lines
Where only ghosts reside.
You'll read of work and weather,
Of the pub and Sunday show.
But I'll keep the rest in silence -
That's half of what I know.

I met a girl from Derry,
She smiled and looked my way.
I told her I was from Meenaward,
She said, "You're far away."
I watched her walk through Digbeth,
Her coat a shade of blue.
And thought of all the things I'd say
If I could say them true.

I send my love in folded pages,
Stamped with hope and pride.
I leave the tears between the lines
Where only truth resides.
You'll read of work and weather,
Of the pub and Sunday Mass.
But I'll keep the rest in silence -
That's half of what you asked.

Your letter came last Tuesday,
Said the dog is gettin' old.
You asked if I'd be home this year,
Before the winter cold.
I stared out past the rooftops,
Where the Brummie fog hangs low.
And whispered to the bricks and steel,
The half I'll never show.
I send my love in folded pages,
Stamped with hope and pride.
I leave the tears between the lines
Where only sorrow hides.
You'll read of work and weather,
Of the pub and Sunday show.
Mum I'll keep the rest in silence -
That's half of what I know.

[Outro softer]
Yes, I'll keep the rest in silence -
That's half of what I know ..... [fiddle solo to fade]
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Half of What I Know - song notes

From the fog-draped rooftops of Birmingham to the moss-toned fields of Donegal, Half Of What I Know is a letter never fully sent - a ballad of silence, survival, and the ache between lines. OB Branán sings in a gentle baritone, his voice a hearthlight flickering through steel and sunrise, wages and rain. The song unfolds like a folded page, stamped with pride, each verse a ritual of restraint.

This is not a lament - it's a mercy. A slow, melancholic ballad where guitar and fiddle trace the contours of memory and echo the hours between laughter and longing. The lads joke at lunch, but no one speaks of the silence that settles in at three. Love appears in a blue coat on Digbeth's streets, but even that moment is half-swallowed by distance.

Branán's lyrics hold back as much as they reveal. He writes of work and weather, of Sunday Mass and pub shows, but leaves the sorrow tucked between the lines—where only ghosts reside. It's a song for mothers who wait, for dogs growing old, for sons who whisper to bricks and steel instead of saying what they truly feel.

Half Of What I Know is a scroll of emotional stewardship, a testament to the emigrant's quiet strength. It belongs to those who carry legacy in silence, who send love in folded pages, and who keep the rest in hush

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Christmas Heart - Artist: OB Branán

It's Christmas again, cracks in the pavement,
bus tickets scattered inside my coat
Snow finds my hair, your voice in my ear,
the words you left scrawled on the back of a note
I walked all the way from the station tonight,
with the weight of a thousand yesterdays
There's a carol on someone's transistor,
same as last year, only quieter now

I've counted the days backwards,
tried to stitch sense from the space we've left behind
Every street's an echo, calling your name out
like it's lost and hoping for a sign

And I tell you, love, it's lonely tonight in this new New York
I ran circles through old mistakes, hope and hurt in equal parts
If you find me here next December, just know I tried
I kept the corners of your promises folded, in the pocket of this threadbare heart

The bars empty early, folks shuffle past,
their laughter too brittle for comfort now
Watched couples huddle by windows,
steaming their breath, hands locked and their heads bent down
Listened to taxis grow distant, faded and worn
like a song you can almost recall
Lovely how Christmas keeps coming,
even when nobody's ready at all

I traced every footprint we left, melting quiet along the avenue
Wishing myself into someone who'd said less
or maybe just told you the truth

And I tell you, love, it's lonely tonight in this new New York
I ran circles through old mistakes, hope and hurt in equal parts
If you find me here next December, just know I tried
I kept the corners of your promises folded, in the pocket of this threadbare heart

We said, "someday, it'll all come right,"
I don't know if I believed it then
Still, I keep watch at the end of the night,
waiting on hope I can't quite defend

And I tell you, love, it's lonely tonight in this new New York
I ran circles through old mistakes, hope and hurt in equal parts
If you find me here next Christmas, just know I tried
I kept the corners of your promises folded, in the pocket of this threadbare heart

So here's to tomorrow, however it comes
I'll keep your laughter safe in the dark
Another fairytale, slipping like frost
One old refrain through a broken heart.

And I tell you, love, it's lonely tonight in this new New York
I ran circles through old mistakes, hope and hurt in equal parts
If you find me here next Christmas, just know I tried
I kept the corners of your promises folded, in the pocket of this threadbare heart ..

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Christmas Heart - song notes

"Christmas Heart" is one of those winter songs that doesn't chase the sparkle of the season but sits quietly in the shadows it casts. It blends folk storytelling with the soft ache of memory, regret, and the kind of love that lingers long after the moment has passed.

It carries the weight of old promises and the echo of a voice he can't quite let go of. The city becomes a mirror - cracked pavements, distant taxis, brittle laughter - all reflecting the tension between hope and heartbreak. It's a Christmas song for anyone who's ever found the season arriving before they were ready, or who's tried to stitch meaning from the spaces left behind.

Musically, it leans into simplicity: a stripped-back arrangement, intimate vocals, and a melody that feels like a half-remembered carol. The emotional core is the repeated confession of loneliness and the quiet resilience of someone still trying, still holding on to the soft corners of a promise. Its a winter ballad with a storyteller's soul - tender, reflective, and honest about the way love and memory keep their own calendars.

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Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61580400473636
Bandcamp Artist Page: obbranan.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/obbranan

The Lost Rose – La Rosa Perdida - Artist: OB Branán

I still set your cup out, force of habit I guess
Eight o'clock sharp, you walked through that door
Your red dress swaying, hair pulled back in a mess
Reading Márquez at table four
The way you'd stir your coffee, three sugars, no cream
Watching the rain tap-dance on the glass
Some nights you'd stay till closing, or so it would seem
Till the band played their very last

Every evening at eight
Same table, same grace
Time stands still, I wait
For ... your smiling face

You spoke of Barcelona, of Paris in spring
Left novels behind like little hearts drawn
Sometimes humming old boleros that made my heart sing
Till one day you were just gone
The coffee grew cold, your chair gathered dust
Summer slipped away, took you with the sun
Now all these memories are all that I trust
Like photographs caught in a freeze

Cada noche a las ocho
Misma mesa, tu paz
El tiempo se detiene
Buscando tu faz

(La la la, mi amor)

(Oh, mi corazón)

Left just a note, folded under your cup
"Life calls me elsewhere, I must go"
No goodbye, no warning, just waking up
To an empty café below
Final Chorus - Spanish

Cada noche a las ocho
(Oh, cada noche)
Misma mesa, tu paz
(Te recuerdo)
El tiempo se detiene
(Mi amor)
Buscando tu faz
(La la la...)

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The Lost Rose - song notes

- 🌹 **The Lost Rose - La Rosa Perdida unfolds like a whispered story in a quiet café, where time drips slowly from the edge of a porcelain cup. Blending the soul of Mexican swing, bolero, and romantic balladry, the song is steeped in the kind of longing that doesn't ask to be resolved. Told from the perspective of an older waiter, it is not a tale of romance, but of reverence - for a woman who arrived each evening at eight, a kind of lost rose carried in on the breeze, bringing with her the scent of rain, the weight of unread novels, and the hush of mystery.**

  She was never his, not even in dreams. But her presence became ritual, her absence a quiet ache. The café itself becomes a small theatre of memory: the clink of cups, the soft shuffle of chairs, the muted trumpet drifting from an old radio. Through faded recollections and trumpet sighs, the melody lingers like a bolero hummed in the dark - half-remembered, half-imagined, wholly felt. In the end, it is a song that waits, remembering, listening for footsteps at eight.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:
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OB *Branán*'s music is available on all major streaming services, including:

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Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61580400473636
Bandcamp Artist Page: obbranan.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/obbranan

The Long Road Home - Artist: Éireál

When the moon streams in on a silver-tide,
And the night hums low like a lullaby,
I see your tears where the wildflowers grow,
But the wind still sings "there's something to know."

I'm not so far, ... just a breath away,
In every dawn .... and the end of day.

Don't cry for me when the light grows dim,
I watch you sleep from where the stars begin,
One more song to let love flow,
A lullaby for the long road .. home.

I walk with you when the night feels cold,
In the stories shared and the hands you hold,
I'm the warmth of the sun, the rain on your skin,
When you speak my name, I'm alive .... again.

Let the evening fall, let your heart be free,
I'm the whisper in the willow tree,

Don't cry for me when the light grows dim,
I'll watch you sing from where the stars begin,
One more song to let love flow,
A lullaby for the long road .. home.

When the wind moves slow through the rowan trees,
Hear my voice in the autumn leaves,
A whisper low on the breath of the rain,
Telling your heart we'll meet again.

Don't cry for me when the light grows dim,
I hold your love where the stars begin,
One last song, then let me go,
A lullaby for the long road home,
A lullaby for the long road... (softly) **© Owen Brennan Feb. 2025**

The Long Road Home - song notes

After mum & dads death you wonder if that's it, or do they keep a wee eye on what's going on down here? (I know mum would).

It gave me comfort to think that they did actively look out for us. This song is a tender whisper from a loved one, a song of comfort and enduring love. This isn't a song of sorrow, but a reminder that even in the deepest darkness, love's light continues to shine. It's a lullaby sung from the stars, a gentle guide for the journey of grief and a whispered promise of reunion on the long road home."

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Éireál's music is available on all major streaming services, including:

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Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61578754387173
Bandcamp: eireal.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

Little One - Artist: Éireál

Those gentle brown eyes look up at me
Just like your mummy's used to be
Small hands reaching to the sky
Every thing a head of you to try
Such quiet strength inside you grows

Sleep now, little one, close your eyes
Sleep now, little one, touch the sky
(Mmm, sleep now, little one)

Each morning brings a brand new start
Your smile can mend a broken heart
Time moves faster than we know
But love gets stronger as you grow
The same spark that I knew
Now I see it lives in you

Sleep now, little girl, close your eyes
Sleep now, little one, touch the sky
(Mmm mmm, sleep now, little one)
(Sleep now)

Years ago I felt the same
Wondering what life might bring
Now I watch you day by day
Finding your own way to sing

Your laughter fills these quiet walls
Standing brave through every fall
Such a precious gift you are
Keep that light within your heart
And know you're never far from home

Sleep now, little girl, close your eyes
Sleep now, little one, touch the sky
(Mmm, sleep now, little one)
(Sleep now)
Owen Brennan Feb. 2025

Rhythm and Rhyme - Artist: Éireál

Standing on a stool by the counter's edge
Tiny hands reach for the flour to pledge
Your face so focused as you start to pour
Just like I taught my baby girl before
Sweet brown eyes squit the faded page
Measuring moments, blending time and age
When the sugar spills across the wooden floor
You giggle just like someone I adore.

When you stir the cookie dough, you hum a tune I love
A melody tune that somehow you already... know
Gentle movements passed down through the line
Making something sweet, keeping rhythm-and-rhyme.....

Pressing patterns in the dough with care
Leaving floury finger-prints everywhere
Your nose wrinkles tasting that vanilla ....
And I hear my mother's laughter, familiar

La di da, swirling round and round
(La di da, mixing memories now)
La di da, past and present bound
(La di da, I'll Teach you how)

The recipe book is worn around the edges
The recipe book is worn around the edges
Holding more than measurements and pledges
Three generations stirred this very bowl
Kneading love into the dough, heart and soul
As you lick the spoon with pure delight
I see the prayers that bind us tight

When you stir the cookie dough, you hum a tune I know
A melody that somehow you already shown
Gentle movements passed down through the line
Making something sweet, keeping rhythm and rhyme

Mmm, mmm, sweet and slow
Just like mama showed me long ago .....
Owen Brennan Feb. 2025

Little One - song notes

This lullaby is a gentle blessing, a whispered promise of love and hope for a little one embarking on life's journey. It's a song about the quiet wonder of watching a child grow, recognizing the spark of familiar strength and spirit, and offering comfort and reassurance as they explore the world. It's a tender wish for sweet dreams and a bright future, a reminder that even as time passes, love remains a constant and unwavering presence.

Rhythm and Rhyme - Song notes

This song, about more than just baking cookies. It's about the sweet inheritance of family traditions, the way love and memory are passed down through generations, one recipe at a time. It's about the small, everyday moments in the kitchen that become the most cherished keepsakes of the heart. From floury fingerprints to a simple shared song, It's a legacy of love and warmth, a bond that can't be erased.

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You Came to Say Goodbye - Artist: Éireál

You wore that faded cotton shirt
The one with the tear along the sleeve
Sitting on my front porch steps
Looking like you had something to say to me
You picked splinters in the wood
And talked about ... the summer rain
Said you needed time to think
Should be back later to explain

You came to say goodbye
But I didn't know it then
You came to say goodbye
Now I can't forget that day

(Time to think, you said)
(Time to think)
(Just need time)
The words keep echoing
Like stones dropped in a well
Like footsteps on the bridge
Like prayers that no one tells
Like questions with no answers
Like bells that never ring
Like all the weight you carried
That June afternoon

You came to say goodbye
But I didn't know it then
You came to say goodbye
Left me with these empty days

Mama still makes her biscuits
Daddy reads his paper, slow
And folks gather on Sundays
To watch the muddy water flow
No one speaks your name out-loud
They just bow their heads and pray
While I sit here remembering
How you looked on that day

You came to say goodbye
And now I finally understand
You came to say goodbye
In your own quiet...way
(Ah, ah, ah...)
(Eh, eh, eh...)
(Ah...) **© Owen Brennan May 2025**

The River Holds (What No one Knows) - Artist: OB Branán

I was thirteen that summer, watching from my daddy's ridge
Where the muddy water bends beneath the planks and rusty nails
You crossed that bridge most every day, in your faded cotton dress
And I never meant to carry what I saw down to my grave

The river holds what no one knows
The current keeps its own
Some burdens sink beneath the flow
While others drift along

That morning air was heavy, thick with mockingbird songs
When you walked with him along the edge,
your hand against his sleeve
I watched you both stop halfway there,
the way time seemed to freeze
And what happened next has haunted
every prayer I've tried to breathe

The river holds what no one knows
the current keeps its own
Some burdens sink beneath the flow
While others drift along

All these years, all these years
And every time I almost speak, my throat runs dry
The river holds what no one knows
The current keeps its own
Some burdens sink beneath the flow
While others drift along

All these years, all this time
I've seen you at the church, your eyes still asking why?
All these years, all these years
And every time I almost speak, my throat runs dry

The river holds what no one knows
The current keeps its own
Some burdens sink beneath the flow
While others drift along

Now they're tearing down that weathered wood,
board by crooked board And I'm the only one
who's left to know what those planks have seen
If I could reach across the years,
tell you what I chose to hide
Would it heal or break your heart
to learn why Billy Joe died?

The river holds what no one knows
The current keeps its own
Some burdens sink beneath the flow
While others drift along

And I'll keep watching from this ridge Till my ... last ...breaths ..gone
© Owen Brennan 2025

Dusty Delta Day - Artist: Éireál

The sun still hangs so heavy in the sky
Like a blanket made of dust and fading light
The cicadas buzz a restless lullaby
As I watch the delta flow and catch the fight
Of the minnows darting, silver in the gleam
Just like they did back then, in that slow dream.

The same old porch swing creaks beneath the weight
Of memories, both bittersweet and grey
I pick the blooms that line the rusty gate
And wonder where the seasons slip away
How long can summer hold on to its grace?
When all the joy seems lost within this place.

The cotton fields stretch out, a hazy white
And shadows dance and whisper through the trees
Sometimes I think I see him in the night
Just fleeting glimpses carried on the breeze
He's there and gone, a phantom in the air
I reach for him but only find despair.

The years have passed like water through my hands
A silent, steady stream, so strong and deep
And still, I can't escape these barren lands
This lonely promise that I couldn't keep
They say that time can heal a broken heart
But mine still bleeds, and plays a bitter part.

I walk the dusty road, the same old way
Where two rivers meet, beneath the ancient pine
I search for meaning in the faded day
For some small comfort, something that is mine
But every detail still reminds me so,
Of that sad summer's end, so long ago

The crickets start their chirping low and slow
As evening comes, and paints the sky in blues
And I'm still left with questions, I don't know
What ever happened, on that third of June....
To change the course of fate, or just erase
The emptiness that still holds up this place.

© Owen Brennan Jan 2025

The Tallahatchie Reflections - Song Notes

These three songs were written out of deep affection for Bobbie Gentry's *Ode to Billie Joe*, a piece of songwriting that has lived in my imagination since I first heard it. I've never wanted to explain her mystery - that silence is part of the song's soul, and it belongs entirely to her. What I wanted instead was to honour the emotional landscape around it: the porch steps, the dusty roads, the river that keeps its counsel, and the people who lived in the long shadow of that June afternoon.

These songs are not answers. They are echoes — imagined voices who stood near the story, felt its tremors, and carried their own small burdens of memory. The secret at the heart of *Ode to Billie Joe* remains untouched. These pieces simply explore the human spaces around it.

1. You Came to Say Goodbye

This song imagines the last quiet moment before everything changed. Billie Joe appears on her porch in a faded cotton shirt, trying to speak but unable to find the words. She doesn't yet know it's a farewell. The world is still ordinary — Mama in the kitchen, the porch steps warm from the sun — but something in him has already shifted. This is the moment she will replay for the rest of her life, wishing she had understood what he was trying to say.

2. The River Holds (What No One Knows)

A thirteen-year-old boy on Choctaw Ridge sees something he was never meant to witness: two figures pausing on the Tallahatchie Bridge, a gesture he can't interpret, a moment that freezes in the summer air. He carries that fragment of memory into adulthood, unsure whether speaking would heal or harm. He knows only a sliver of the truth — not the reason, not the weight behind it — and the river keeps the rest. This song is about the burden of partial knowledge, the ache of a secret that isn't yours to tell.

3. Dusty Delta Day

Decades later, she still walks the dusty roads, still hears the cicadas, still feels the shadow of that summer. Time has moved on, but grief has its own stubborn rhythm. The delta holds her memories the way the river holds its secrets. She searches for meaning in the fading light, wondering how one day — the third of June — could bend the course of a life so completely. This is the long echo of a story that never found its answer.

A Note of Respect

These songs were written with love and reverence for Bobbie Gentry's masterpiece. *Ode to Billie Joe* is a work of art precisely because of what it withholds. I would never presume to explain what happened on that bridge — that mystery is hers, and it remains intact. My only intention was to honour the atmosphere, the ache, and the emotional truth of the world she created, offering a few imagined voices who lived around its edges.

Éireál — Owen Brennan

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Between Mirrors & Masks – Artist: OB Branán

Another morning, another suit and tie
Practice the smile, but it's all a lie
They're watching me close, can't let them see
The cracks in this armor I wear to be free
Stronger and tougher with each passing day
But the mirror knows better, what can I say?

The stage is set, the cameras roll
But something's dying in my soul

Between mirrors and masks, I suffocate
Playing this part, living with hate
Between mirrors and masks, I'm trapped inside
Building these walls where I can hide
This crown of thorns that I created
Left me alone and isolated

Can't sleep tonight in this empty room
The walls are closing, impending doom
Staring at ceiling, mind racing fast
How long can this bullshit performance last?
These pills ain't working like they used to do
The truth keeps coming, breaking through

My hands are shaking, cold with sweat
This power game's becoming death

Between mirrors and masks, I suffocate
Playing this part, living with hate
Between mirrors and masks, I'm trapped inside
Building these walls where I can hide
This crown of thorns that I created
Left me alone and isolated

And when they look up to me
I tear them down ruthlessly
It's all I know how to be
'Cause if they saw what's in me
They'd know I'm weak, they'd know I'm scared
They'd see the lies that I've prepared

So I keep pushing them away
It's better than letting them stay

For just one second I saw it clear
The monster I've become, my greatest fear
But fuck the truth, I'll wear this face
Keep up this act, maintain my place
'Cause in this world of power plays
The weak don't live to see more days

Between mirrors and masks, I suffocate
Playing this part, living with hate
Between mirrors and masks, I'm trapped inside
Building these walls where I can hide
This crown of thorns that I created
Left me alone and isolated

(And the mirror shows what's real)
Between mirrors and masks
(While the mask conceals the pain)
Between mirrors and masks
(Until there's nothing left at all) ……,. © Owen Brennan 2025

Between Mirrors and Masks - song notes

I was watching a politician on tv, he was full of hate, no empathy and I was wondering what goes on in his head? How does he sleep at night? It occurred to me that he mightn't even contemplate the fact that he's evil. In the song I've given him the benefit of the doubt. (He knows he's a monster)

"*Between Mirrors and Masks*" is a raw and introspective descent into the isolating world of a person trapped by their own constructed persona. This dark piano ballad explores the suffocating weight of maintaining a facade, the internal conflict between the public image and the hidden vulnerabilities beneath. Through haunted vocals and melancholic minor keys, the song delves into the themes of isolation, self-hate, and the desperate struggle to maintain power in a world where vulnerability is perceived as weakness. The lyrics paint a vivid picture of a soul teetering on the edge, caught between the harsh reflection of truth in the mirror and the deceptive comfort of the mask they wear.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:

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The Donegal Triptych - Song Notes

These three songs — *Coming Home to Donegal*, *Donegal Once More*, and *Back to Donegal* — form a small, weathered map of the Donegal heart. They were written with a single question in mind: *what did it feel like for the ones who left not out of desperation, but out of pride, restlessness, or the glittering promise of "more"?*

For generations, young men and women stepped onto boats and trains believing that fortune lay somewhere far beyond the Atlantic. Some found opportunity. Many found only hard labour, loneliness, and the slow realisation that the gold they chased was a false reflection of the gold they had abandoned - the hills, the hearth, the people who knew their name.

These songs follow that emotional arc.

Coming Home to Donegal carries the warmth of return — the soft recognition that the place you left has been waiting for you all along. It's the melodic, open-armed welcome, sung in the voice of someone who has finally understood what home was worth.

Donegal Once More is quieter, more reflective. It's the voice of a man standing again on familiar cliffs, older now, humbled by the years. The land remembers him even when he barely remembers himself. It's a song about being seen by a place that shaped you.

Back to Donegal is the grittiest of the three - a blues-tinged confession from a railroad worker who carried a harmonica instead of a fiddle, because that's what the men on the rails carried. It honours the ones who weren't always treated well in America, who worked steel and dug earth and sent fewer and fewer letters home as pride hardened into silence. It's the story of a man who left with swagger and returned with truth.

Together, these songs form a small cycle of leaving, learning, and coming home. They aren't traditional in sound - the harmonica, the blues phrasing, the quieter folk edges - but they carry the emotional tradition of Donegal: resilience, humility, and the deep knowledge that the real treasure was never far from the hearth.

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Donegal Once More - Artist: OB Branán

Morning mist on limestone walls
Sea breeze calling like before
Young and restless, couldn't stay
I left you standing by the shore
Through the harbor, past the bay
Pride and promise led the way

These cliffs remember who I was
Before I learned to fall
(before I learned to fall)

Rain-soaked letters in my hand
Pieces of a world I knew
Drifting farther day by day
Everything I thought was true
Faded like the morning dew
Till I barely thought of you

These cliffs remember who I was
Before I learned to fall
Before I learned to fall

(Far away, cross the sea)
(Oh Donegal, ,, remember me)

foot-worn stones beneath my feet
Walking paths I used to know
Time has changed the way they feel
Or maybe I've changed, growing old
Evening tide begins to roll
Washing clean this weary soul

These cliffs remember who I was
Before ... I learned to fall
And now they're teaching me-to-stand
In Donegal, once more
(Donegal, once more)

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Coming Home To Donegal - Artist: OB Branán

Young and proud on that harbor day
Mum wiped her tears as I sailed away
Thought I knew what I had to do
Left Donegal for a sky so blue
(Oh, for a sky so blue)

These old hills hold a richer mine
Than all the years I left behind
Counting dollars, chasing time
When home was gold I couldn't find
(Ohhh, couldn't find)

Worked the railroads, slept in barns
Got my share of cuts and scars
Every town felt just the same
Another day, another name
(Oh, just another name)

La da di, la da day
All those miles led me astray
La da da, la da dee
Should've known where I should be

Hard times taught me what to take
Which bonds to keep, which to break
Empty pockets, empty heart
Been that way right from the start
(Oh, from the start)

Take me home .. Donegal

Final Verse
Now I'm standing by your gate
Thirty years too wise, too late
But these stones still know my name
And your welcome feels the same
(Oh, feels the same)

Chorus
These old hills hold a richer mine
Than all the years I left behind
Counting dollars, chasing time
When home was gold I couldn't find

Outro
La da di, la da day
Coming home to stay
(Oh, coming home)
Home to ... Donegal

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Back To Donegal - Artist: OB Branán

I packed my bags one morning clear
Mum wiped her eyes, Dad ...wouldn't hear
Just twenty-one, thought I knew more
Than all the wise ones ... who came before
(Ohhh, knew more...)

Ten years of working railroad steel
Five more digging for what ain't real
Empty pockets, empty hand
A stranger in a foreign land
(Mmm, foreign land...)

Oh, the letters home got few and far between
As pride kept pushing me too far it seemed
La-la-di-da, la-di-dee
My pride was blind ... I couldn't see

Now I'm back where I began
A tired and broken travelled man
The hills of home still standing tall
While I had nothing left at all
Oh, Oh ... Donegal

My father's house still holds his chair
The kettle whispers like a prayer
And all that wealth I thought to find
Was here in what I had left behind
(Oh, what I left behind...)

The green hills of my Donegal
Were worth more than it all
(More than it all...)

© Owen Brennan March 2025

Should I Back Away - Artist: OB Branán

Twisting in the summer breeze
Who'll win her heart, tell me please
A battle of winks and subtle teases
Oh, this girls got us beggin' please

Should I back away? Or should I contest
This silly game? That thrums in me
Girl if you could see, Would it be a chase.

I watch her twirl, her skirt a carousel of dreams,
Her laughter sings of a thousand sunbeams.
But the game, oh, the game - it taunts,
A dance of hearts, a chance to rewrite our wants

Her eyes, they spar, a daring duel
'My love's more true,' she says so cool
Both batting lashes at the boys so fine
But who'll she choose to cross that line?

She's got the looks, I've got the smile
Each step she takes, I've matched in style
So I guess girl, Oh, It's time to choose
Life's a dance, you can win or loose

Oh, You're twisting in the summer breeze
Who'll win your heart, tell me please
A battle of winks and subtle tease
Oh, girl you've got me beggin' please
you've got me beggin' beggin' please ..... Owen Brennan 2024

Should I Stay or Walk Away - Artist: Éireál

With my sun-kissed skin and summer dress
I watch them try to catch their breath.
Oh their fleeting looks like summer days
So .... perhaps its time to walk away
Or should I stay?.....
and join the game.
Cause, Nonchulont ....
Its my my middle name.

Oh, Oh, Oh come come, and let them see,
This spinning dance, this ecstasy.
A battle of charms, and a little tease,
Oh, I watch stop, then watch them freeze

They laugh too loud, or so it seems
Comb their hair and straighten jeans
A dance of glances, ... tango time
Each one's hoping they'll be mine

My eyes may spark! a playful dare
'Your love,' I'm thinking, 'Can't compare'
My batting lashes and a secret smile
That cute ones wining by a...mile

They've got the charm, I've got the sway
With each flirty step, I guide their way
So I guess girl, I know who'll win
In this game of hearts, the dance begins.

Oh,Oh,Oh, Oh Oh come, let them see,
This spinning dance, this ecstasy.
A battle of charms, and a little tease,
Oh, I watch turn, then watch them freeze

Oh they're watching in the summer breeze
Who'll win my heart, Its brown eyes please
A battle of looks and subtle tease
Oh Boy, you got me smiling please ....
You've got me smiling please
You've got me smiling please

Oh Yes, You've got me smiling please,
smiling, smiling, please .....
smiling, smiling, smiling please

© Owen Brennan Feb 2025
(with help of Riffusion)

The Dance Before the Dance - EP Description

***The Dance Before the Dance* is a two-song summer moment told from opposite sides of the same scene. Nothing is spoken aloud in either song - everything happens in the quiet space between two young people who haven't yet stepped into the courage or the certainty they're both circling.**

Should I Back Away follows the boy's thoughts. He's caught in that breathless place where wanting and worrying collide. He hasn't found the nerve to say a word yet - not because he doesn't feel it, but because the feeling is too big. He watches her twist in the summer breeze, rehearses a dozen versions of bravery in his head, and wonders if this is the moment he should step forward or step back. His whole song is an inner monologue, a heart trying to talk itself into motion.

Should I Stay or Walk Away answers from the girl's side. She doesn't need words - her language is a subtle smile, a tilt of her head, a hand brushing her hair, a twirl that freezes every unwanted suitor in his tracks. She's confident, playful, and fully aware of the effect she has. She's not manipulating the moment; she's simply alive in it, letting her gestures speak for her. And beneath all that ease, one boy - the quiet one watching her - is the one who makes her smile without meaning to.

Together, the songs capture the sweetness of the moment before anything happens - the dance before the dance. It's the hush of possibility, the electricity of glances, the unspoken truth that both of them feel something but neither has said a word. Two hearts, one summer breeze, and a story told entirely in the silence between them.

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Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

The White Dress (at closing time) - Artist: Éireál

In the corner of this bar
Where the dust don't ever lie
Every night at closing time
White silk reflects the light
Been here longer than the tables
Twenty years of closing time
Some folks ask about the story
And some just look away

Every night at closing time
That dress reflects the light
Like a church window in the distance
Shinin' out goodbye

April morning, spring of 85
Rain against the windowpane
She was standing at the door
Train ticket in her shakin' hand
Said she couldn't face the altar
Left her future at the bar
Along with the white dress
And tears that never dry

Every night at closing time
That dress reflects the light
Like a church window in the distance
Shining out goodbye

Some say she went to California
Some say she changed her name
But her dress keeps telling stories
Of promises and pain

And sometimes when I'm closin'
I swear I hear her voice
Through the smoke and empty glasses
She's dancing with her choice
And every spring when rain starts fallin'
I polish up that frame
'Cause every night at closing time
That dress still waits for her

Every night at closing time
That dress it glows so bright
Like a church window in the distance
Shinin' out ...goodbye

© Owen Brennan 17th March 2025

Standing Halfway - Artist: Éireál

I used to pray in quiet places
And on Sundays at St. Paul
Felt your calling clear as day
But my heart, was so afraid
When I was twenty, wrote a letter
To say, why I turned away
I had found a man who loved me
Thought that this might be my way

I remember standing at that old, bar door
With my wedding dress still on
Between the altar and the train's salvation
Tell me, Lord, where I went wrong

I'm Standing halfway, between the station and the church
One step forward, two steps back, it hurts
Never could give my heart completely
To heaven ... or this earth, beneath me

Thirty years have come and gone
Working days and sleepless nights
Every choice left me more empty
Every path just wasn't right
Sometimes I'd watch the trains departing
Sometimes I'd listen to the bells
But my soul kept drifting, searching
For the truth I couldn't tell

Now I'm back here at this old bar table
Gray has touched my temples now
Between your love, and my resistance
Lord show me how to take these vows

I'm standing halfway between the station and the cross
One step forward, two steps back, i'm lost
Never could give my heart completely
To heaven, or this earth beneath me
(Ohhh, ohhh, Ohhh, ohhh)

All these years, of running
All this time .. alone
I'm finally .. understanding
Where I.. Belong-

Tonight I'll leave this white dress burning
As I walk through convent doors
No more standing in between things
'Now I know, what I'm here for'

© Owen Brennan March 2025

The White Dress - Song Notes

These two songs trace the long shadow of a single moment - a woman standing between a church and a train station, caught in the space where a life can change forever. *The White Dress at Closing Time* tells the story from the outside: a bartender in a run-down Chicago bar who has spent twenty years polishing the glass around a wedding dress left behind on a rainy April morning. He doesn't know her name, only the way the silk catches the light at closing time, like a church window shining out its last goodbye. The dress becomes a relic, a witness, a quiet question hanging in the corner of the room.

After writing this song I couldn't really rest. I wondered, why did she leave someone at the altar? What took her to the bar of all places? Where did she go? What's she doing now? I needed to answer some of the questions for my own curiosity.

***Standing Halfway* steps inside the story. Here, the woman finally speaks, she stands between two worlds - the cross and the station, heaven and earth, duty and desire. She confesses the fear that made her run, the years spent drifting, the ache of never fully belonging to any path she chose. Her voice carries the weight of decades, yet also the fragile hope of someone ready at last to stop running. Where the first song wonders what became of her, the second reveals the truth: she has come home to herself.**

Together, these songs form a small, intimate cycle about the choices that shape us, the vows we fear to make, and the way a single object - a white dress glowing in a dim bar - can hold the stories we're not yet ready to tell. They are songs about standing on thresholds, about the quiet courage of turning back, and about the long road to becoming whole.

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This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:

https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Éireál's music is available on all major streaming services, including:

YouTube: youtube.com/@Éireáls
Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61578754387173
Bandcamp: eireal.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

I Don’t see Annie Anymore - Artist: Éireál

Standing by the red rust gate
where it joins onto the post.
Waiting on a Saturday
for the time I loved the most.

The Derry bus crawls over *Drim*
It's progress like the clock.
Perhaps it won't reach Rushfield Lane
or maybe it won't stop.

Granny's voice calls laughing
"Any sign of her?"
Sleeves rolled up from baking
and apron full of flour.

Up top the post I scramble
Eyes keen like the hawk.
My Aunt Annie's coming
around big Rushfield rock.

With comic books and chocolate bars
and company for play.
Annie made it heaven
on a summer Saturday.

But trees and time have covered up
unlike those days before.
I cannot see the big rock.
And I don't see Annie anymore. .

© Owen Brennan 2000

I Don’t see Annie Anymore - song notes

A nice Meenaward memory for me was the summer of 2000. It was a lovely day, Seamus was "in the town" (this means drinking)

. With nothing much to do I was standing at the front door step looking at the views remembering my summers there and how much I looked forward to Saturdays. I got a pen and paper, sat on the doorstep and started to write about it. I had no sooner started when Patrick and Eleanor arrived. If I remember right he showed me a new camera he had got and I took some photos of them with it in granny's front garden. I never saw the photos and wonder if he ever got them developed. It took a couple of days after i got home to finish the poem. Decades later I thought it might be nice to turn it into a song. I hadn’t to change a single word the poem more or less sung itself.

This song beautifully captures a cherished childhood memory, evoking a strong sense of nostalgia and the bittersweet feeling of time's passage. The simple yet vivid imagery - the red rust gate, the crawling Derry bus, Granny's floury apron, the eager wait - immediately transports the reader to that specific time and place. The contrast between the anticipation of Annie's arrival and the later realization that those days are gone is both poignant and relatable. The final lines, "I cannot see the big rock. And I don't see Annie anymore," are particularly powerful in their simplicity, conveying a deep sense of loss and change. The poem is a lovely tribute to a special relationship and a reminder of how the landscape of our memories can shift and fade with time. It's a small, perfect snapshot of a moment that clearly holds great significance. (Gemini)

Their Dancehall Days - Artist: Éireál

In the town hall's glow, they first met, in the glow of youth's sweet spring,

Two hearts in rhythm, tapping feet, to a waltz's tender stream.

When their eyes locked in a silent vow, no words needed to be said,

In the dance of life, they took their bow, as the music gently led.

Oh, waltz with me, 'neath the starry dome,

Through life's years, how swiftly we've roamed.

From the dancehall's embrace to the stars' soft gleam,

Our waltz goes on, like a living dream.

Through the crowd, they moved as one, past faces lost in time,

To the melody of an old-time tune, in harmony and rhyme.

A bond formed strong, in the music's light,

Through the dancehall's spell, love took flight,

Oh, waltz with me, 'neath the starry dome,

Through life's years, how swiftly we've roamed.
From the dancehall's embrace to the stars' soft gleam,
Our waltz goes on, like a living dream.

As years rolled by, their dance slowed down, with family's tender call,
Their steps less frequent than before, as life's duties did befall.
Yet in their hearts, the music stayed,
In each other's eyes, it softly played.

Oh, waltz with me, 'neath the starry dome,
Through life's years, how swiftly we've roamed.
From the dancehall's warmth to the stars' soft gleam,
Our waltz goes on, like a living dream.

Now side by side, they rest in peace, their journey here complete,
But in the heavens above, they're still in love, and their waltz sweet and replete.
But among the stars, they dance anew,
With steps that time can't undo.

Oh, waltz with me, 'neath the starry dome,
Through life's years, how swiftly we've roamed.
From the dancehall's embrace to the stars' soft gleam,
Our waltz goes on, like a living dream.

So let them waltz among the stars, where dancers never age,
Their love's a melody that bars, neither time nor earthly cage.
So in the quiet night, if you listen true,
Their Irish waltz still dances true. **© Owen Brennan June 2024**

Their Dancehall Days - song notes

This past while I've been concatenating on happier family times and there were an amazing amount of them. Growing up we was surrounded by extended families full of cousins, aunts and uncles. It was a very special time.

Mum always talked about her earlier years in Irish Street with a happy smile. She enjoyed telling us about going to the Derry dancehalls, not forgetting to tease dad about how lucky he was to win her heart. Dancing was important to mum. When we were older they would go to the Carrick Rangers and ICI social clubs. After they moved back to Derry we would come up sometimes and go with them to DuPonts club with Joe and Betty. Later years she would sometimes get a wee dance at the Squealing Pig in Muff.

I hope they like the song I've created for them.

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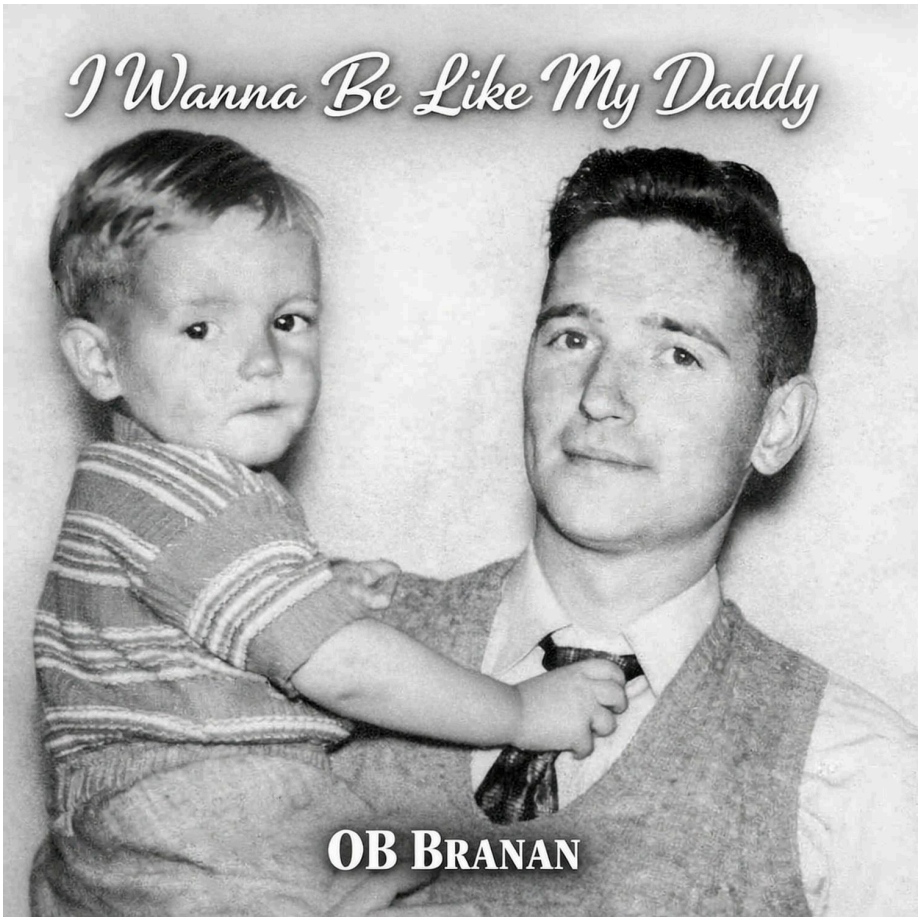

I wanna Be Like My Daddy - Artist OB Branán

I wanna grow old like my daddy,
Make it all the way.
I wanna teach things like my daddy
Taught so easily to me.
I wanna be wise like my daddy,
Watching the world on the news TV.
He learned a lot in his long, long life —
And some of that he gave to me.

Chorus
My wife says I'm getting just like him,
The way that I walk and act.
She says when she watches me ,
She sees him look-ing back.
And it doesn't make me sad or teary —
It makes me proud as can be.
'Cause now my dad's not here,
Some of him still lives in me.

I wanna read poems like my daddy,
“Redding Jail” in his steady tone.
“The Traveller” by Del- La-Mair,
Lines he almost made his own.
He didn’t need a wall of diplomas,
Or a fancy degree in the hall —
He just loved the sound of a good strong verse,
And he passed that love along.

Bridge 1
He took us on trips to the seaside,
Let me drive his car for a laugh —
Way before I should’ve been driving,
But he trusted me like that.
He didn’t have much education,
But he gave the world to me —
And every day I feel him there
In the man I’ve grown to be.

Bridge 2
He could tell a tale for hours,
Never losing a soul in the room.
Those voices of the old times
Still echo when I think of him.

Chorus
And Gail says I’m getting just like him,
The way that I walk and act.
She says when she watches me lately,
She sees him looking right back.
And it doesn’t make me sad or teary —
It makes me proud as can be.
’Cause now my dad’s not here,
Some of him lives on in me.

Outro
If I’m lucky enough to reach his age,
Still laughing and feeling free,
And someone says I’m turning into him,
Well… that’s the finest thing
Anyone could ever say to me.

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I Might Cross that Line Tonight - Artist: Éireál

I might take a step I ain't supposed to, tonight
Listenin' to the echo of our last goodbye
The whiskey whispers, girl, just one more chance
To cross that old line, back to our last dance
The moon peeks through clouds with a knowing shine
And I think I may cross that line tonight

In the quiet night, your shadow's still near
Every star's a reminder of what we held dear
That road to our past, it's calling my name
I know it's a risk, but I'm drawn to the flame
The wind carries whispers of what we once knew
And I might just cross that line tonight, back to you

So here's to the memories that flood in like waves
To the laughter and tears that I've tried to erase
My heart's playing tricks, but my mind's well aware
That one step forward could lead to despair
So, but love's tender pull, it feels so right
And I might just cross that line tonight

The stars in the sky spell out your name
As I whisper to them, ain't it a cryin' shame? (whispered)

The road to you is paved with yesterday's light
And I'm one step closer, might cross that line tonight
So, pour another glass, let the truth come spilling out
To push through the fear, that's what love's all about
But the ache in my heart, it's a heavy price
For a moment of weakness on a long, lonely night

As the candle burns low, I'm lost in your sight
Deep down I know, it just isn't right
But the pull of the past, it's more than I can fight
Your memories hold me in the dead of the night
I send you a message, my heart's in a flurry
Prayin' come morning light, I won't be sorry

Letting go is hard, it's a slow, painful art
I'm walking this line between two broken hearts
The dawn's light's creepin', through curtains it slides
Feel the weight of regret as it cuts like a knife

I've played every scene a thousand times before
Right up to the moment you've walked out that door
I know the morning comes with a price
Light hits the truth, hides all the lies
So, pour another glass let the truth come spillin' out
Push through the fear, that's what love's all about.

© Owen Brennan June 2024

I Might Cross That Line Tonight - Song Notes

This song lives in the quiet, dangerous hours of a lonely night — the moment when memory, whiskey, and longing all conspire to pull someone back toward a love they know they shouldn't return to. It's a confession from a person standing on the edge of a choice they've made before, one they promised themselves they wouldn't make again.

The verses are full of ghosts: shadows, stars, old roads, the echo of a last goodbye. The narrator knows the past is a flame that burns, but they're still drawn to it, step by step, drink by drink. The song captures that emotional tug-of-war between the heart and the mind — the heart whispering "go," the mind warning "don't," and the night offering just enough quiet to make the wrong choice feel almost right.

The chorus lays out the truth plainly: memories flood in like waves, love feels tender and familiar, but one step forward could lead straight back into heartbreak. It's the honesty of someone who knows exactly what they're risking and still feels the pull.

The whispered section deepens the vulnerability. The narrator sends a message they may regret, prays morning won't bring shame, and admits that letting go is a slow, painful art. By dawn, regret has already begun to settle in — the light revealing what the night tried to hide.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:
https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Five Minutes Fifty Years - Artist: Éireál

Saw you on that rainy day
Umbrella shared, .. no words to say
Eyes met, our souls to keep
Fifty years, I feel your heartbeat

Five minutes forever burns
In my mind past all the turns
Love shared, though brief and swift
Left a mark, ... a timeless gift

Across the street your smile it shined
Steps align with time that binds
Hands that touched but didn't hold
Your memory, .. never, grows old

Five minutes forever turns
In my mind a flame still burns
Love we had though brief and swift
Left a mark, ... a timeless gift

In those few minutes, our souls did dance
We knew that was our only chance
Forever etched, in this life's song
In five minutes our hearts belonged

Now with age and silver hair
You're still the love I cannot share
Brief encounter, an eternal flame
Five minutes. don't know your name

Five minutes forever turns
In my mind a flame still burns
Love we had though brief and swift
Left a mark, ... a timeless gift
Yes, the Love we had was brief and swift
It left a mark, ... a timeless gift

Hands that touched, .. but didn't hold
left a mark, ... a timeless gift
[repeat and fade in a whisper]
Left their mark, ... A time-less gift
Five minutes, ... fifty years ago ..

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Five Minutes Fifty Years - Song Notes

Five Minutes Fifty Years **is a song about the kind of encounter that lasts longer in the heart than it ever did in the world. It tells the story of two strangers who share a brief, rain-soaked moment - an umbrella, a glance, a touch that never becomes a hold - and how that five-minute meeting becomes a quiet, lifelong echo.**

The song moves between past and present, letting the listener feel both the immediacy of the moment and the weight of the years that followed. The young spark - eyes meeting under an umbrella, steps falling into rhythm, hands brushing - is contrasted with the older narrator looking back, silver-haired and still carrying the warmth of that fleeting connection. It's a love story without a romance, a memory without a name, a moment that became a companion across decades.

What gives the song its emotional power is its restraint. Nothing dramatic happens. No promises, no confessions, no grand gestures. Just five minutes - but five minutes that left a mark deeper than many long relationships ever do. The repeated line "*hands that touched but didn't hold*" becomes the emotional centre of the piece, capturing the ache of something beautiful that never had the chance to become more.

In true Éireál fashion, the song treats memory as a sacred space. The encounter is not mourned or embellished; it's honoured. The narrator doesn't regret what didn't happen — she treasures what did. The moment becomes a "timeless gift," a small flame that never went out, even as life moved on.

Five Minutes Fifty Years **is a quiet reminder that not all love stories are lived. Some are simply carried - tenderly, privately, and for a lifetime.**

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Éireál's music is available on all major streaming services, including:

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Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61578754387173
Bandcamp: eireal.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

Maybe It's Forever - Artist: Artist: Éireál

Maybe when I see you, there's fire in the sky
Your love brings me closer, caught up in your eyes
I might be dreaming, but it's a dream I won't forget
The stars in the night say the words we haven't said

Oh.O.Oh.O, maybe it's for..ev..er..r
I'm holding on to you darling
We'll make it through together

When the sun goes down, and the night feels deep
Your voice gets through, even when I'm asleep
I hear a melody, the rhythm of your heart
And baby, maybe, we'll never drift apart

Oh..Oh..O, maybe it's for..ev..er..r
I'm holding on to you darling
We'll make it through together

Every beat, every moment
Feels like love was meant
Maybe we're meant to be
It's you and me, endlessly

Oh..Oh..O, maybe it's for..ev..er..r
I'm holding on to you darling
We'll make it through whatever

When the morning comes, and the new day starts
Your touch makes me stronger, closer to your heart
In this restless world, you're the peace I find
We'll keep walking forward, leaving doubts behind

Oh..Oh..O, maybe it's for..ev..er
I'm holding on to you, darling
We'll make it through togeth.er

Its you and me always.... Always © Owen Brennan Jan 2025

Maybe - Artist: OB Branán

Maybe I'm just a fool for you
Maybe I never had a clue
Broken dreams scattered in the wind
Maybe we'll find a way to mend

Maybe we're lost in shadow's hold
Maybe our stories left untold
Echoes haunt the corridors of time
Maybe in the end we'll find a sign

Maybe love's just a distant star
Maybe we won't ever get that far
Caught between the now and what could be
Maybe it's just you and me

Maybe the nights are long and cold
Maybe the truth's too hard to hold
Wandering through this empty space
Maybe all we need is grace

Maybe we're just two broken souls
Maybe we're filling empty roles
Waiting for the morning light to break
Maybe we'll find what it takes

Maybe love's just a distant star
Maybe we won't ever get that far
Caught between the now and what could be
Maybe it's just you and me

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The Maybe Songs - Song Notes

These two songs explore the emotional territory held inside a single word: **maybe**. It's a word that can carry hope, doubt, longing, fear, possibility, and tenderness — sometimes all at once. Each song approaches that fragile space from a different direction, creating a quiet dialogue between certainty and uncertainty, light and shadow.

Maybe It's Forever leans toward hope. It's a warm, melodic piece about the moment when love feels destined but still new enough to question. The repeated "maybe" isn't hesitation — it's wonder. The song holds that breathless feeling of early love, when every glance feels like a sign and every heartbeat feels like a promise. It's an anthem of possibility, carried by the belief that some connections arrive already glowing.

Maybe walks the darker path. It's a reflective, almost haunted meditation on love that's uncertain, fragile, or slipping away. The "maybe" here is softer, heavier — a word spoken in the half-light, trying to make sense of broken dreams, long nights, and unanswered questions. It's a song about two people standing in the doorway between what was and what might still be, unsure whether to step forward or let go.

Together, these songs form a small emotional diptych — one looking toward the sunrise, the other toward the dusk. They show how the same word can hold both hope and heartbreak, and how love often lives in the space between the two.

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Éireál and OB Branán's music is available on all major streaming services, including:

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Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

YouTube Artist Channel: youtube.com/@OBBranán
Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61580400473636
Bandcamp Artist Page: obbranan.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/obbranan

So Tonight - Artist: OB Branán

So, tonight we're driftin'
Backseat on the open roads
Hummin' low to the radio tune, "Drivin'"
with My Heart, And when the stars blush
All I wanna do is hold you close,
just us two side-by-side, in our own, own land

Barefoot on the dashboard's edge
A crescent moon our guiding light
Tracing dreams with our fingertips
In the backseat, love feels so right
With every mile, a kiss we share
Our laughter tangled in the night air.
Headlights flicker like fireflies in the dark
Just two runaways chasing the spark.

So, tonight we're cruisin'
Footprints on the windshield, proof
whispering secrets, we don't need the truth,
just love, and as the night falls
Beneath the velvet skies (velvet skies)
We find our truth in each other's eyes
Pledging love without a word, it's understood (understood)
These fleeting moments feel so good (so good)

Leather seats hold memories, Of tender glances, stolen peace
Rolling wheels hum a sweet melody
Our own song plays where nobody sees
Hand in hand, our hearts in command
Backseat romance, our love's vast expanse.....

When dawn breaks, and the night slips away (slips away)
We'll keep these secrets, where our whispers lay-by
Windows down, we breathe the air (breathe the air)

Hair tousled by the whispers of the night (of the night)

Soft smiles shared in the rearview glare

In our backseat world, everything's all right

cause in this backseat romance, ease off life's pace (life's pace)

Let the world blur by, in our tender embrace (tender embrace)

Fingers trace the leather seams

Moonlit journeys, whispered dreams

In this backseat love affair, nothing else compares

We laugh, we dream, two hearts on the run (on the run)

Beneath the blanket of the setting sun (setting sun)

With the windows cracked, we share the breeze ..... Owen Brennan 2024

So Tonight - Song Notes

***So Tonight* lives in that soft, unhurried space where a night drive becomes its own little world. Nothing rushes. Nothing demands. The road hums beneath the tyres, the windows are cracked just enough for the night air to breathe through, and two people drift together in a backseat universe where time slows down. The song is built on ease — the kind of ease that only happens when you're with someone you trust, someone you can sit in silence with until a thought finally spills out.**

The heartbeat of the song is its constant, forward-moving pulse. It has the same easy roll as The Traveling Wilburys' *End of the Line* — that feeling of wheels turning, night drifting, and no need to hurry. The rhythm never pushes; it carries. This steadiness mirrors the emotional truth of the piece: a night with no destination, just presence.

The arrangement thins, the world narrows, and the couple's intimacy comes into focus. It's not a dramatic drop — it's a slow exhale, a moment where the night holds still.

This breakdown acts as a soft outro, easing the listener into the fade, like the car rolling on into the dark long after the song ends.

Some songs feel complete at three minutes. *So Tonight* is one of the rare ones that feels like it could drift on forever. The extended intro, the rolling rhythm, the echoes, the breakdown — they all create a sense of timelessness, as if the night itself is stretching to make room for the moment. It's a song you don't want to end because it captures a feeling you don't want to leave. This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:
https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Three-Cornered Bed - Artist: Éireál

Steam curls from two cups I never poured
Set on the table like a half told prayer
Bootprints drying on the flagstone floor
A coat on the chair that no one wears

The lamp hums low as the rain starts falling
The tide taps the window like it wants in
I lie awake in the three cornered silence
Feeling the shape of the trouble I'm in

I'm the salt in his wool and the ink on her page
A bird with two skies and a heart for a cage
Stuck in the rip where the two oceans meet
While the silence of Donegal swallows the street

I'm the bridge made of glass I'm the ship made of lead
Just a ghost in the middle of a three cornered bed

Found his glove in her coat pocket last Tuesday
She left her scarf on his boat s stern rail
I washed them both in the same cold water
God help me like love's a stain you can't quite fail

I walk the strand where the gulls keep secrets
Boots sinking deep where the tide pulls slow
Two shadows follow me over the shingle
And neither one's willing to let me go

I'm the salt in his wool and the ink on her page
A bird with two skies and a heart for a cage
Stuck in the rip where the two oceans meet
While the silence of Donegal swallows the street
I'm the bridge made of glass I'm the ship made of lead
Just a ghost in the middle of a three cornered bed

Mam says the sea won't share its moon
And a hearth can't mind two separate flames
You'll freeze your bones trying to heat two rooms
She says calling me back by my childhood name

But what if your chest holds two different songs
And both of them rise when the night turns black
What if the truth is a tide with no mercy
And whichever way you step you don't come back

I'm the salt in his wool and the ink on her page
A bird with two skies and a heart for a cage
Stuck in the rip where the two oceans meet
While the silence of Killybegs swallows the street

I'm the bridge made of glass, I'm the ship made of lead
Just a soul stepping out of that three cornered bed
[Gaelic] Mo chroí céard a dhéanfainn (my love, what could I do?)

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Three-Cornered Bed - Song Notes

"Three-Cornered Bed" is a melancholic Irish folk lament, the song evokes the emotional stillness of a tide-locked night. The song explores the emotional geometry of a love triangle - not in its drama, but in its silence. The narrator inhabits a space shaped by absence: two cups never poured, bootprints drying on flagstones, a coat no one wears. The chorus metaphor - "I'm the salt in his wool and the ink on her page" - repeats like a tide, anchoring the narrator between two emotional oceans. The bridge introduces a maternal voice - Mam's warnings about the sea and the hearth - grounding the song in generational wisdom and rural cadence. It's a song that doesn't ask for resolution, only recognition.

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https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Is This What Love Feels Like - Artist: OB Branán

Quarter past midnight
Just you and me here
Your hand on my knee
Playing these old keys
Something feels different
Tonight's got me thinking

The way that you look at me now
Like time's standing still somehow
My heart's beating faster and slower
Baby, I think, I know where-this leads

Is this what love feels like?
Is this what love feels like?
'Cause everything's changing tonight
Is this what love feels like?

Lost in the music
Your smile in the dark
Can't find the right words
Just playing my heart
Each note gets closer
To what I've been missing

The truth's in the silence between
every note that I play and I sing
No need to rush what we're feeling
Let's stay in this moment and breathe .....

Is this what love feels like?
(Is this what love feels like?)
'Cause everything's changing tonight
Is this what love feels like?

I thought love was a thing
That slipped through hands like a dream
But sitting here with you .. right now
I don't have to ask anything .....

Is this what love feels like?
(I know this is what love feels like)
'Cause everything's perfect tonight
This is what love feels like.

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Baby Just Breathe (with me) - Artist: Éireál

Can't get to sleep ....
Thinking about you ....
Need to hear your voice ...
Tellin'-me, .. what to do .....

Under these sheets
Missing your touch
Phone against my breast
Oh .....It's just not enough

Baby just breathe with me
In and out, then slow and deep ....
Baby just breathe with me
Hear my heart through the phone

I'm closing my eyes now ....
I Picture you here ..... Oh...
Let the night fade
While I hold you near ....

Every exhale .... oh..OH.
It, takes me to you .....
This static, between us ....
Our hearts beating true.....

Oh ...Oh .Oh ..Oh . Baby just breathe with me
In-,..and... out,...then, slow... and ...deep
Oh Baby just breathe with me
Feel my heart through the phone

Oh... Oh...
The hours just drift by
Two hearts beat in time ...
Just stay on the line ....
Just stay on, ... that line

Baby just breathe with me
In ... and ... out, so.. slow .. and ..deep
Baby just breathe with me
Feel my heart, ... feel...the... heat

Oh...oh... Baby just breathe with me oh
Breathe with me ..... with me ..... with me .....

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Make This Wrong Feel Right - Artists Éireál & OB Branán

Your skin against mine in this borrowed time
Each touch feels like sin, but damn it feels fine
Been fighting this feeling, but baby tonight
I'm tired of dealing with wrong versus right

The clock on the wall keeps moving too fast
Trying to hold on to moments that just won't last

Let's make this wrong feel right
Just for one more night
Heaven help us both, we're gonna cross that line
Let's make this wrong feel right

My heart's beating wild when you pull me close
Your hands tell the truth that nobody knows
Should push you away, but I'm losing control
One night of weakness to save my soul

The morning will come with its price to pay
But right now your kiss makes sense anyway

Let's make this wrong feel right
Just for one more night
Heaven help us both, we're gonna cross that line
Let's make this wrong feel right

(What we're doing)
Breaking every rule we made
(Where we're going)
Past the point of being saved
Baby, consequences fade
In the heat of what we made

The way that you move
The way that you feel
This moment of truth
Is all that we steal

Let's make this wrong feel right
Just for one more night
Heaven help us both, we're gonna cross that line
Let's make this wrong feel right

(This is our goodbye)
Let's make it wrong... make it right
(This is our goodbye)
One last time... To make this wrong feel ... Right © Owen Brennan April 2025

After Midnight - Song Notes

After Midnight gathers three intimate, late-night songs that explore the quiet spaces where love, longing, and desire reveal themselves. Each track lives in that soft hour when the world has gone still and the heart finally speaks without interruption.

Is This What Love Feels Like captures the moment love first arrives - not with fireworks, but with a hand on a knee, a smile in the dark, and the silence between notes. It's the sound of two people realising something has shifted, and neither of them wants the night to end.

Baby Just (Breathe With Me) is the tender ache of distance. Two lovers connected only by a phone line breathe together across the dark, letting their heartbeats sync through static and whispered words. It's intimacy stripped down to its simplest form - breath, warmth, presence.

Make This Wrong Feel Right steps into the shadowed side of the night, where desire and conscience collide. A slow R&B duet, it follows two people crossing a line they swore they wouldn't, knowing the morning will bring consequences but choosing the moment anyway. It's vulnerable, conflicted, and honest.

Together, these songs form a small world of their own - a world lit by a single lamp, held in whispered harmonies, Rhodes chords, and the soft pulse of a heartbeat rhythm. *After Midnight* is about the truths we only admit when the night is quiet enough to hear them.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:

https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Éireál and OB Branán's music is available on all major streaming services, including:
YouTube: youtube.com/@Éireáls
Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61578754387173
Bandcamp: eireal.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

YouTube Artist Channel: youtube.com/@OBBranán
Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61580400473636
Bandcamp Artist Page: obbranan.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/obbranan

Shirt Factory Girl – Artist: Éireál

The factory horn is a banshee’s cry
Callin' through the gray of the Derry sky.
A thousand needles in a noise-filled room,
Stitching out a life through the factory gloom
Sixteen years old with her hair tied back,
Taming the thunder of the silver track..
Heat in the air and a blur in the light,
A daughter of the city in the centre of it's might.

The whistle blows long and the gates swing wide,
A swarm of scarves like a bright-coloured tide.
Across the Foyle where the cold winds blow,
Leaving the Cityside and the factory glow.
Over the bridge onto Spencer Road,
Carrying her wages for the family load.
Up Fountain Hill where the breath comes tight,
Past Rose Cottage in the fading light.

Chorus
BUT OH, WHEN THE DUST SETTLES DOWN ON THE FLOOR,
SHE'S RUNNING FOR HOME AND SHE'S OUT THROUGH THE DOOR!
Goodbye to the collar, the cuff, and the seam,
She's trading the starch for a midsummer dream.
Onto Irish Street for her tea and a wash,
Shaking off the fibres and the factory scut.
Two nights a week, let the music begin—
She's dancing the ghosts out of Derry again!

She reaches her home on the right-hand side,
With a "Parliament" spirit and a quiet pride.
She lays the wage packet down on the wood,
Unopened and honest for the family food.
The law of the house and the strength of the land,
Held in the palm of a young girl's hand.
Now a WOMAN who earns and a WOMAN who gives,
That is the rhythm where the memory lives.

The men at the corners just step to the side,
Watching the Queens of the Factory stride.
With a nod of respect for the bread and the bone,
For the formidable grace that the women have shown.
The starch in the shirt and the lace in the bite,
They kept the city beating when times were tight.

OH, WHEN THE DUST SETTLES DOWN ON THE FLOOR,
SHE'S RUNNING FOR HOME AND SHE'S OUT THROUGH THE DOOR!
Goodbye to the bobbin, the needle the steam,
She's trading the scissors for a midsummer dream.
Onto Irish Street for her tea and a wash,
Shaking off the fibres and the factory scut.
Two nights a week, let the music begin—
She's dancing the ghosts out of Derry again!

Outro
Monday Morning.
Shine the shoes.
[Vocals become rhythmic and firm, no longer singing but "calling" out the route in time with the machine pulse]
Past Rose Cottage.
Down Fountain Hill.
Across the bridge.
Back to the Mill.....,,,
The music—it's starting all over again.
The music—it's starting all over again.

© Owen Brennan Nov. 2026

Shirt Factory Girl - Song Notes

This song is a rhythmic tribute to the "Quick Learners" of the Derry shirt industry, specifically honoring my mum **Rosaleen McGinley** and her journey from schoolgirl to breadwinner.

It captures the "Shortest Weekend"—that 48-hour transition in 1945 when a fourteen-year-old hung up her schoolbag on a Friday and "tamed the thunder" of a thousand industrial sewing machines by Monday morning.

The lyrics trace a vivid map of a vanished city, following the "Run Home" from the **Cityside** gateway of the **Tillie & Henderson** factory, across the **Craigavon Bridge**, and up the steep pull of **Fountain Hill** to the heart of the Waterside. It celebrates the "Parliament of the Floor"—the wit, the singing, and the fierce sisterhood of women from the **Bog**, **the Brandywell**, **the Fountain**, and **the Top of the Hill**.

More than just a history of "piecework" and "scut," the song explores the formidable grace of the women who out-earned the men and kept the city's pulse beating. It concludes with the "Living Legacy" of these factory queens, whose determination and wit are the primary ingredients in the DNA of every confident "Derry Girl" today.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:

https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Two songs, one hillside, Maybe and Is This What It Is form a quiet, EP from Éireál & OB Branán — a pair of held-breath moments from a Donegal spring when the world felt wide, possible, and newly alive.

“Maybe” looks outward: the steep walk up from home, a skylark climbing the air, shared chocolate, the shimmer of Lough Doo and Swilly below. A day that held still without asking to be remembered.

“Is This What It Is” moves inward: bare feet in the grass, a stream whispering to the stones, a laugh that lingers a beat too long,
the soft shift between two young people who don’t yet have the words for what’s happening.
Together, the songs trace the wide and the intimate — the view and the breath,
the noticing and the almost-spoken, the moment before a feeling becomes a fact.

Sung in warm, interwoven voices with a gentle 60s folk-rock glow,
The Easter Hill Songs are a return to a single afternoon that stayed alive across decades. A small, quiet offering from the Éireál archive —
where memory, landscape, and possibility meet. Inspired by a hillside above Lough Doo, Donegal

Maybe - Artist Éireál

We took the steep way up from home,
Laughing at nothing, talking of everything,
Racing to see who'd reach the rock first.
A skylark climbed the air as we arrived,
And you dropped onto the warm flat stone, breathless and grinning,
The whole hill opening around us like it had been waiting.

Lough Doo lay quiet just below,
Dark as a secret the day hadn't told yet.
South toward Swilly, the Lake of Shadows shimmered,
Inch Island floating in the haze.
You broke the chocolate bar in half to share,
And I lifted the camera, felt the shutter click —
Trying to keep the moment still,
On film and in whatever part of me was thinking.

[Chorus 1]
And the sky felt closer than it ever had,
And something in the way the light caught your hair
Made me look twice —
The small silver sparkle at your ear,
The soft shine along your cheek in the sun.
I didn't know what any of it meant,
Only that the moment held still around us there.

We talked about small things, then deeper things,
Letting the pauses stretch without worry.
Your voice softened when you spoke of clouds,
And I felt the shapes of your meaning
More than the words themselves.
The air between us changed its way,
Though neither of us named it.

[Bridge]
Maybe it was the height,
Maybe it was the heat of the day,
Maybe it was just the way the world
Fell silent for a moment.
Maybe — just maybe — ...
A word as wide as the view.
Nothing more than that.

And the sky felt closer than it ever had,
And something in the quiet between us
Drew my eyes again —
The summer freckles across your cheeks,
The way your top lip softens when you're thinking,
Pupils wide like your day dreaming.
I wasn't sure what any of it meant,
Only that something in me shifted a little.

[Outro]
We started down the long way back,
The lane easing us down toward the river.
And now and then the skylark called behind us,
As if to say he hadn't gone at all —
A small reminder of the heights we'd left,
Following us just far enough ... to matter.
© Owen Brennan Nov. 2026

A Little Maybe - Song Notes

A Little Maybe" is a soft, reflective piece from Éireál, tracing the echo of a single afternoon that outlived the decades that followed. It's a song about the small, unfinished kindnesses we carry — the ones we were too young to name at the time, and too old now to forget.

Set against the light of an Easter morning and the hush of a moment that never fully became anything, the track moves gently through memory, longing, and the question of who we were reaching for back then — another person, or the person we hoped to grow into.

With its tender vocal delivery and quiet, breath-held arrangement, "A Little Maybe" sits in the space between nostalgia and self-recognition. A song about a feeling that stayed stitched into the lining of a coat for fifty years, circling back each spring like an old friend.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:
https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

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Is This What It Is - Artist: OB Branán

She's watching how the water bends the light
Her bare feet in the grass, the afternoon is right
I could say it now, the words are almost there
But I'm watching how the breeze moves through her hair
The stream keeps talking something to the stones
I think it's saying — don't leave this alone
So I stay quiet, let the moment breathe
And wonder does she feel what I believe

[Chorus]
Is this what it is
Is she thinking what I'm thinking by this stream
Does the afternoon know something that I don't
Is this real or is this just a summer dream
She laughed at something small I said in passing
The kind of laugh that asks if this is lasting
She turned to look at me a beat too long
The sky-lark up above broke into song
As if the whole damn hillside was in on it
The light, the water, every living bit
Conspiring — say it, say it while you can
Before the afternoon decides to end

Is this what it is
Is she thinking what I'm thinking by this stream
Does the afternoon know something that I don't
Is this real or is this just a summer dream

Bridge
The sun is leaning now toward the hill
Everything is warm and almost still
I've been here before in other ways
But never quite like this, never this afraid

She picks a stone and skims it on the water
Three good jumps — she laughs, and I'm a goner
I think she knows, I think she's letting me
Find my own way to what this needs to be
The stream bends out of sight around the corner
The afternoon won't wait much longer for me
So I turn to her and something in me opens
And summer holds its breath around the two of us

That's what it is
She was thinking what I'm thinking by this stream
The afternoon knew something that I didn't
And it wasn't just a summer dream

© Owen Brennan Nov. 2026

Is This What It Is - Notes

“Is This What It Is” is a dreamy, 60s-leaning folk-rock moment from Éireál & OB Branán — a held-breath afternoon by a Donegal stream where light, water, and a single laugh change everything.

The song follows two young people on the edge of something unnamed:
bare feet in the grass, the stream whispering to the stones,
a skylark breaking into song at the exact wrong — or right — moment.
Every detail conspires toward a question neither of them can quite say aloud.

Soft guitars, warm harmonies, and a slow-moving summer hush carry the story:
a glance held a beat too long,
a laugh that lingers,
a stone skimming three perfect jumps across the water.
The world seems to lean in, urging a truth that’s almost spoken.

By the final chorus, the uncertainty clears.
The afternoon knew before he did.
And the moment becomes what it always was —
quiet, real, and impossible to forget.

A song about closeness, courage, and the fragile second when a feeling becomes a fact.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:
https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

We shine because of those who came before
These are our stories
Free Owen Brennan Archive

A Little Maybe - Artist: Éireál

I wasn't ready for the silence
you standing there with April in your face
fifty years have wandered past me
but that moment still waits somewhere
And i've carried it quietly.
A little maybe... in the lining of my coat.
I was too young to name it
too old now to forget
a soft, unfinished kindness
the kind you feel, not get.

And every easter morning
it circles back again
a day I never planned.
calling me... like an old friend.
You laughed at something small I said
and the world felt lighter for a breath
... strange-how a single afternoon
can outlive, most everything else
If I could step, back in time
just long enough to see
was it you I was reaching for
or the girl I hoped i'd be.

I was too young to name it
too old now to forget
a soft, unfinished kindness
the kind you feel, not get.
And every Easter morning
sure it circles round again
a day I never planned
calling me back ... like an old.. friend

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A Little Maybe - Song Notes

A Little Maybe" is a soft, reflective piece from Éireál, tracing the echo of a single afternoon that outlived the decades that followed. It's a song about the small, unfinished kindnesses we carry — the ones we were too young to name at the time, and too old now to forget.

Set against the light of an Easter morning and the hush of a moment that never fully became anything, the track moves gently through memory, longing, and the question of who we were reaching for back then — another person, or the person we hoped to grow into.

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I Don’t See Annie Anymore - Owen Brennan

A nice Meenaward memory for me was the summer of 2000. It was a lovely day, Seamus was "in the town". (away drinking) With nothing much to do I was standing at the front door step looking at the views remembering my summers there and how much I looked forward to Saturdays. That was the day my godmother Annie came up from Derry where she worked in a shirt factory. I got a pen and paper, sat on the doorstep and started to write about it. It took a couple of days after I got home to finish the poem.

I don't see Annie Anymore - © Owen Brennan 2000

Standing by the red rust gate
where it joins onto the post.
Waiting on a Saturday
for the time I loved the most.
The Derry bus crawls over Drim
It's progress like the clock.
Perhaps it won't reach Rushfield Lane
or maybe it won't stop.
Granny's voice calls laughing
"Any sign of her?"
Sleeves rolled up from baking
and apron full of flour.
Up top the post I scramble
Eyes keen like the hawk.
My Aunt Annie's coming
around big Rushfield rock.
With comic books and chocolate bars
and company for play.
Annie made it heaven
On a summer Saturday.
But trees and time have covered up
unlike those days before.
I cannot see the big rock.
And I don't see Annie anymore. **© Owen Brennan 2000**

Love at the Edge of the Light - Artist Éireál.

Barefoot, through the heather

Wind light on my skin

Running, chasing laughter

Where does it begin?

Sunlight on the hilltop

Heart says maybe, maybe

Reaching for you somewhere

Out beyond the hay field

[Chorus 1]
And I run, I run
Chasing sunrise, chasing you
Heart full of maybe
Love at the edge of the light

Young and hardly speaking
Hope caught in my throat
Lips parted, seeking
Words I didn't know
Longing for the morning
When I'd know, I'd know

And I run, I run
Chasing sunrise, chasing you
Heart full of maybe
Love at the edge of the light

Kettle on the cooker
Laundry in the hall
Lists written on my wrist, love
Chipped mug, that's all
Morning in the kitchen
Tired but it's good
Quiet like a promise
Kept the way we should

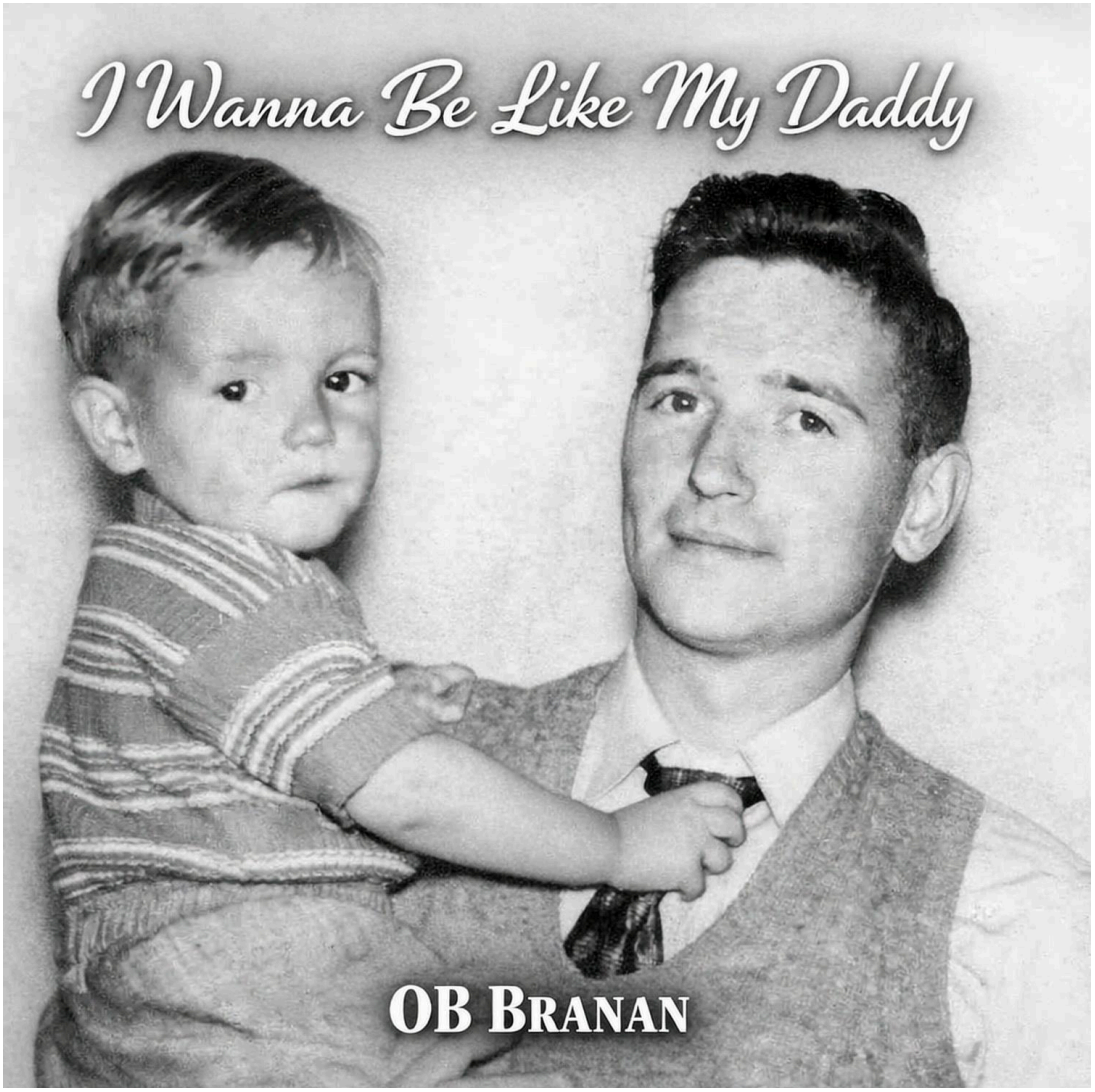
Now my hands, my hands
Full of mornings, full of you
Lips dressed in quiet
Love in the daylight

Baby's breath, so steady
Milk-warm on my breast
Dawn dissolves around us
World can take a rest
Soft hands, softer breathing
Everything a hush

Now my arms, my arms
Full of softness, full of you
Lips wet with wonder
Home to love at the edge of the light

[Outro]
And the light, the light,
Keeps on changing, just like we do.
But every evening,
I find my way back to you.....

© Owen Brennan 2000



I Wanna be Like my Daddy - Artist: OB Branán

Verse 1
I wanna grow old like my daddy,
Make it all the way.
I wanna teach things like my daddy
Taught so easily to me.
I wanna be wise like my daddy,
Watching the world on the news TV.
He learned a lot in his long, long life —
And some of that he gave to me.

Chorus
My wife says I'm getting just like him,
The way that I walk and act.
She says when she watches me ,
She sees him look-ing back.
And it doesn't make me sad or teary
It makes me proud as can be.
'Cause now my dad's not here,
Some of him still lives in me.

I wanna read poems like my daddy,
"Redding Jail" in his steady tone.
"The Traveller" by Del- La-Mair,
Lines he almost made his own.
He didn't need a wall of diplomas,
Or a fancy degree in the hall
He just loved the sound of a good strong verse,
And he passed that love along.

Bridge
He took us on trips to the seaside,
Let me drive his car for a laugh,
Way before I should've been driving,
But he trusted me like that.
He didn't have much education,
But he gave the world to me
And every day I feel him there
In the man I've grown to be.

He could tell a tale for hours,
Never losing a soul in the room.
Those voices of the old times
Still echo when I think of him.

And Gail says I'm getting just like him,
The way that I walk and act.
She says when she watches me lately,
She sees him looking right back.
And it doesn't make me sad or teary —
It makes me proud as can be.
'Cause now my dad's not here,
Some of him lives on in me.

Outro
If I'm lucky enough to reach his age,
Still laughing and feeling free,
And someone says I'm turning into him,
Well… that's the finest thing
Anyone could ever say to me.

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